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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Prof F A Hall 1894
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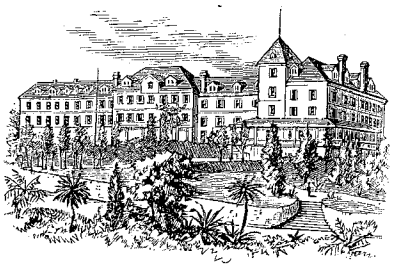

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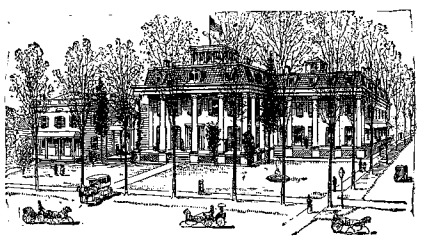

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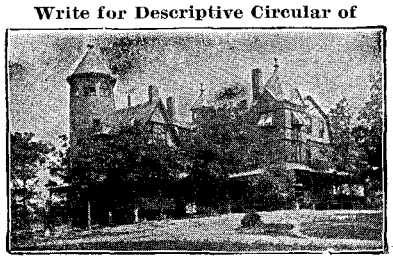

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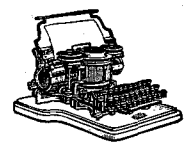

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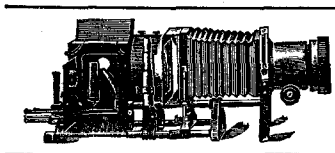

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 48 For Week ending 23 December, 1893 Number 26

The Week

PERHAPS the most interesting measure brought before Congress last week was Senator Voorhees's bill to renew the purchase and coinage of silver bullion. This measure provides that the seigniorage upon the bullion purchased under the Sherman Act shall first be coined, at the rate of $2,000,000 a month, and thereafter silver purchases shall be made sufficient to continue the coinage of silver at the same rate. The measure thus proposed differs from the Bland Act chiefly in that it lessens by about one-third the silver coinage authorized. Inasmuch as a majority of Congress voted against the amendment to the Repeal Bill reviving the Bland Act, it is difficult to understand how Senator Voorhees expects to secure the majority necessary to pass this new bill, especially as the silver men are not disposed to support the compromise now offered them. Much more important than this currency bill, even with reference to the future of the currency, was the favorable action of the House on the bills to admit Utah and Arizona to Statehood. The bill for the admission of Utah provides for the permanent prohibition of polygamy. The changes thus far made by the Ways and Means Committee in the tariff schedules at first reported have been in the direction of increased protection to protesting interests. The duty on lumber has been in part restored—a change inconsistent both with the principle of making raw materials free and with that of reducing to a minimum the taxes on necessities. Such deviations from the principles which the party was pledged to carry out are to be condemned on every ground.

❀

The industrial question uppermost is not, What caused the present depression? nor, What will cure it? but, What can be done to furnish temporary relief to those out of work? This question was discussed last week in nearly all our large cities, developing a remarkable uniformity of view as to the greatness of the need, and a striking similarity as to the methods by which it should be met. In Chicago a Committee of Fifty has been organized to systematize the distribution of private relief, while the Finance Committee of the City Council has been considering the public action to be taken. At the meeting of the Council Committee the measure most prominently urged was the increase of the street-cleaning force, in order that the performance of useful work might be the condition precedent to receipt of help. In Chicago this step seemed peculiarly necessary, as the swarm of applicants for lodging at the police stations had been rapidly increasing, in spite of the accommodations furnished by the churches. The police reported that every freight train was bringing new applicants to Chicago. In Cincinnati the relief action recommended has been the passage of a bill by the Legislature authorizing the city to issue $50,000 of bonds to furnish help to the unemployed. In Buffalo the question has been thoroughly agitated, with the result of calling forth several liberal private subscriptions, and the recommendation by the Mayor that the site of the reservoir abandoned last month be leveled and graded before being sold, and work thus furnished to those in need of it. In New London, Conn., a largely attended meeting appropriated $8,000 for the unemployed, to be given out in wages at not less than fifteen cents an hour to heads of families, and no others. In Boston the Evangelical Alliance has appointed an Emergency Committee to consider the present crisis. In Lynn the committee which organized relief work upon the streets and parks in October reports that the co-operation of the churches and public-spirited citizens has been increasingly generous, and work has been furnished to most applicants. In New York City the work upon the streets is being carried on energetically, the men being paid twelve and one-half cents an hour, but the contributions from the public have by no means kept pace with the applications for employment.

❀

Our readers will remember the extraordinary developments of political fraud in connection with Gravesend, and the apparent audacity of the officials in that township in refusing to allow the registry lists to be examined, and in setting at defiance the orders of the court requiring them to permit such examination. The political victory in Kings County which revolutionized the municipal government of Brooklyn was followed by the appointment of special lawyers by the Governor to aid in the prosecution of those charged with these offenses in Gravesend, the District Attorney of Kings County being himself under public and popular suspicion of conniving at the frauds. The first of the legal proceedings was an application to have Mr. McKane, Police Justice Newton, and other lesser officials of Gravesend punished for contempt. The attempt on the part of these officials to excuse themselves for disregarding the injunction on the ground that those who served it were rough and disorderly was set aside by Judge Barnard, on the principle that the injunction of the court was to be obeyed whether it was served politely or impolitely. That the injunction was disregarded he found to be the fact, and he imposed a fine of $250 and thirty days in jail—the heaviest penalty, we believe, that the law allows for contempt of court. As we go to press, the question of a stay of proceedings is about to be argued in court. We adhere to our principle of not prejudging any case which is brought before the courts, but it is no violation of this principle to say that offenses against the political integrity of the community ought to be regarded as of the most serious character, and no effort should be wanting on the part of the community, its public prosecutors, and its courts, to "let no guilty man escape."

❀

The negotiations which have been for some time pending for a federation between the University of the City of

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New York and Columbia College have, for the present, come to an end. In an interview, Chancellor MacCracken, of the University of the City of New York, is reported to have said that the University proposed to resign her power to give degrees to Columbia, thus becoming merely a teaching body, upon three conditions: First, that the federation should be called the University of New York; secondly, that Columbia should cease to be an Episcopalian institution; and, thirdly, that Columbia, which is rich, should endeavor to secure an increase of the endowment of the University, which is poor. These conditions were deemed inadmissible, and so, for the present, the negotiations have fallen through. The most serious difficulty, probably, in securing the federation is the fact that the University is essentially, though we believe not nominally, Presbyterian, while Columbia College is both essentially and nominally Episcopalian. That either college should surrender its denominational character is not to be expected, and possibly, considering the state of public sentiment, not even to be desired. Nor is it right to ask that either should abandon its individuality and merge in the other. If a federation is to be brought about, it can only be by preserving intact the individuality of the colleges and their respective faculties, and securing a wholly undenominational university in which both the colleges shall be represented, and which, without exercising governing authority over the colleges, shall alone have power to grant degrees. The article of a contributor in another column, drawing a lesson from Oxford, seems to indicate the entire practicability of such a federation, and we hope that, though the present negotiations have come to an end, they may prepare the way for some such scheme of federation as will give the advantages both of unity and independence.

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At the annual meeting of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching in England it was reported that the number of separate centers had increased from twenty-five in 1885 to fifty-nine in 1893, while the number of students had increased from 3,662 to 13,374. It will be seen, therefore, that the University Extension movement in England is making steady progress. The problems of the movement in England are much simpler than those in this country. The compactness of the population, the comparatively short distances between the large cities, and the number of trained men without professional position or teaching duties, furnish very favorable conditions, not only for the inauguration, but for the extension, of such a movement. In this country the movement has had to contend with the disadvantages resulting from a widely scattered population, from the great distances between the different centers, and from the fact that the trained men in America are, as a rule, overworked. In spite, however, of these difficulties, the Extension movement in this country has been making solid progress no less than rapid advance, and the training of men for the special purpose of conducting the movement, of which reports have been made from time to time in these columns, solves the most difficult problem in connection with Extension teaching among us. In England the conductors of the movement have felt that its chief danger lay in the ease with which popular lectures might be substituted for definite teaching. This tendency has been met, however, by class-work, by syllabus-work on the part of the pupil, and by examinations and reports, so that the movement has been held down to the basis of instruction. The English universities are proverbially conservative in the matter of receiving influence from without, and especially influence of a popular character. Academic tradition is so strong both at Oxford and Cambridge that the direct action of a popular movement like the Extension movement is not easily discernible. If the universities, however, have not been affected, it is certain that a large group of university men have experienced a broadening of horizon in their attempt to popularize knowledge without parting either with accuracy or thoroughness.

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We report in another column the action of the New York Presbytery respecting students who are attending the Union Theological Seminary. The proposed boycott has been somewhat modified, though not absolutely abandoned. The Presbyterian Book of Discipline, which antedates theological seminaries, provides that students to be taken under the care of Presbytery with a view to licensure should be "recommended to study with some approved divine." On the strength of this provision the Presbytery has resolved that students who apply to be taken under care of Presbytery with a view to licensure shall be recommended to study in some seminary approved by the General Assembly. The General Assembly had already forbidden the Board of Education to aid students who were attending seminaries disapproved by the General Assembly. The action of the New York Presbytery goes further, and intimates, though it does not affirm, that students will find it difficult to be licensed to preach if they have studied in such seminaries. Probably very few Presbyterian students will apply to be taken under the care of the Presbytery of New York, or seek licensure to preach from that Presbytery. In short, the ecclesiastics maintain the boycott, though under gentler phraseology than was originally proposed. The probable effect of this action will be, primarily, to discourage a certain class of students from entering the Union Theological Seminary, and also to make it more difficult for students of that Seminary to find their way, on graduation, to Presbyterian pulpits. Of course, the further and more serious effect will be to deprive the Presbyterian Church of independent and scholarly men, and to shut that Church up to those who are willing to have the ecclesiastical court determine what the result of their investigations shall be before their studies are begun. Another result, however, will probably be to make Union Theological Seminary more and more an undenominational university, to which men of all denominations will come, and in which will be afforded special facilities for independent research of Biblical and theological problems. Such a university is greatly needed by the Christian Churches of America, and we believe that if the Directors and Faculty shape the course of this Seminary aright, they will find their field of usefulness enlarged, not limited, by the action of the Presbytery.

❀

When the Presbyterian General Assembly at Portland in 1892, in a moment of enthusiasm, passed its famous declaration in regard to the original autographs of the Bible, and called upon all ministers who did not agree to leave the Church, it probably did not realize the disastrous results which would follow that decision, or it would have hesitated to take such action. When, a year later, the same body branded the critical study of the Bible as heresy, it also did not calculate how much that judgment would disturb the peace and interrupt the work of the Church, or it would have thought twice before it allowed itself to be stampeded by the ecclesiastical politicians. Consequences, however, were not taken into account on either of these occasions, and now the Church is beginning to reap the harvest of its hasty action. Here in America we have already seen the result of that prodigious blunder which committed

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Presbyterianism to mediævalism, but here the natural consequences have been somewhat retarded, and the injury of the blow lessened, by the tacit agreement among sensible people, both of the conservatives and the liberals, to pay no attention to fulminations of the Assembly which are sure to be reversed in a few years. Even if the worst comes, and a split is caused in the denomination, or ministers are driven out of the Church of their fathers, still they will find other work to do, and the great Church universal will move on undisturbed. But in the foreign field Presbyterianism will not escape so easily. Many of the most scholarly young men of the Church have gone out as missionaries, and they will certainly be deeply disturbed by the action which the Church courts at home have taken. They know nothing of those undercurrents of thought, which are understood by liberal Presbyterians in this country, and which lead them to wait for the time, which is sure to come soon, when the denomination will look at these questions more impartially. They know nothing of the agreement among the liberal men not to leave the body, but to stand by the heritage which an unreasonable majority are seeking to take from them. They know only the published utterances of the upper courts of the Church in all their unqualified hardness and uncompromising adherence to theory, and these utterances, accordingly, are sure to work even more disastrous results in their case than they have in the case of the men at home. When they realize that the Assembly has formally declared that there is no place for them in the Presbyterian Church, they cannot simply transfer their allegiance to another denomination, or continue preaching to an independent congregation, but must abandon the work entirely. Their only means of support is from the Church which has cast them off, and, in many cases, their denomination is the only one occupying the field. The alternatives which are open to them are to remain where they are and say nothing about their beliefs, or to hand in their resignations and come back to America. The same lofty conscientiousness which has brought them to the foreign field will make them shrink from anything which has even the appearance of duplicity; and we fear that the Rev. Mr. McGilvary, whose case we report in another column, is not the only one who will tender his resignation to the Board of Missions of the Church which sent him out, and put upon it the responsibility of deciding whether he is fit to remain in the service of the Presbyterian Church. It is difficult to suppress one's indignation at a Christian Church which, because of an ecclesiastical quarrel, arising in personal differences and aggravated by institutional jealousy, allows itself to put its ministers, and even its foreign missionaries, in such a dilemma—between abandoning a life-work on the one hand, and, on the other, retaining it by repression of their opinions.

❀

Democracies are always exigent; but even people whose sympathies are with Mr. Gladstone and with the movement of which he is the head must have felt some little sympathy with the Unionist Opposition in the extraordinary protest which they made against the shortness of the vacation the Government proposes to allow the House of Commons at Christmas. When Parliament resumed its work at the beginning of November, the session of 1893 had already lasted longer than any but two sessions in the course of the present century. Now the length of the session is absolutely without precedent, and fully another month must be added to the record before the session can be brought to a close. The session began on the last day of January, 1893, and, all told, including the recesses at Easter, at Whitsuntide, and in the autumn after the Home Rule Bill had been rejected, the holidays allowed the Members of the House of Commons have not amounted to much more than a couple of months. What the strain of all this means will be understood when it is remembered that, apart from the numerous Saturday sittings which have marked the session, the working week of the House of Commons averages forty-six hours, and that in the present session Members have been kept at Westminster more continuously than in any session since the House was reformed in 1832. In ordinary sessions no great endeavor is made to keep the full force on both sides of the House in constant attendance. Members are whipped up for the critical divisions, and, when such divisions are over, the whips relax their efforts, and allow their men a little freedom and some time to attend to their own private concerns. But the present is an extraordinary session. The Government majority is small, and critical divisions have followed one another in such quick succession that the party whips have had absolutely no alternative but to keep every available man within call. Their efforts to this end have been unexampled, and their experiences freely told would form an exceedingly interesting inside chapter of Parliamentary history. The fact that the Government agreed to give the House of Commons only five days' holiday at Christmas means that Members will not have a vacation worth speaking about until next autumn; for, as soon as the Queen's Speech closing the present session of Parliament is read, summonses must go out for the meeting of Parliament for the session of 1894. Thus, unless a dissolution intervenes, the legislative mill at Westminster will be kept on the go almost without a break for eighteen or nineteen months. The reason for this unprecedented condition of things is not far to seek. The failure of the agitation against the House of Lords would seem to show that the English working classes care more for some of the questions which touch them at home than they do for Home Rule for Ireland; and this fact being now made plain, Mr. Gladstone has no option but to press forward with the Radical measures, now half-way through Parliament, and to carry similar measures next session, if he is to hold his own at the general election.

❀

There is no excitement in Europe, although there are grave apprehensions with regard to Anarchist outrages. The conduct of M. Dupuy, the presiding officer of the Chamber of Deputies, is warmly commended in all quarters as furnishing a striking illustration of the courage and calmness with which society ought to meet the destructionists. There is a universal feeling that bomb-throwing as a method of agitation must be repressed by the strongest restrictive measures, and that assassination as a means of modifying social conditions must be rendered nugatory by the courage and resolution of the friends of order. The dynamite bomb is the worst enemy which liberalism has to fear. It means in every case reaction; and if the Anarchists only become active enough they may set the political progress of the world back half a century. The French Assembly has replied to the recent attempt to destroy one of its branches by a series of bills, four in number, which have passed by overwhelming majorities. One of these bills provides for the punishment of all persons who illegally manufacture explosives, or who illegally have explosives or material for the manufacture of explosives in their possession; another imposes severe penalties upon all attempts to incite crime by the use of the newspapers; and a third provides for an additional credit of eight hundred thousand francs for the purpose of strengthen-

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ing the police and detective departments in order to enable them more thoroughly to cope with the Anarchistic element.

❀

Vaillant, the bomb-thrower, has made a very full confession, explaining the method of manufacturing the bomb which he used, and declaring his intention to have been to destroy as many members of the Assembly as possible. He remains apparently indifferent, and his only regret appears to be that he failed in his murderous intention. Like most of the men outside of Russia who have been engaged in these exploits, Vaillant's career, upon examination, brings out more and more clearly the criminal character of the man; and his attempt to assume the air of a martyr, in view of his past life, would be farcical if it were not attended by such tragical elements. There appears to be a general feeling that international action is, for many reasons, impracticable, and that Anarchy must be dealt with by each Government for itself. The true way to meet it is to remove as rapidly as possible all just causes of complaint against existing social conditions, to supervise rigidly all those who declare themselves the enemies of society to the extent of being willing to destroy it by violence, and to punish promptly and with severity all those whose enmity bears the fruit of violence. There is a great deal of mental unsoundness which is easily stimulated into activity by crimes of this character, and the strong hand of repression, sternly but never tyrannically put forth to preserve order, will have much to do with steadying the wills and the minds of those who lean toward homicide, as undoubtedly many destructive Anarchists do.

❀

M. Frey, who was formerly Swiss Minister at Washington, has just been elected President of the Swiss Confederation. This news will be received with much gratification here, where M. Frey is well known, not only from his diplomatic career, but also from the fact that he was once an American citizen and a volunteer in the Union Army, where he did good service, suffering finally imprisonment at Libby Prison. Returning to Switzerland, he became owner and editor of the "Basler Nachrichten," one of the leading and most authoritative journals of Europe. But his work in the Federal Congress was even more remarkable than that in his paper. He helped frame the new Constitution, prepared the way for the modern military organization, opened international negotiations on the subject of labor in factories, freed the Swiss schools from ecclesiastical domination, and rescued the scheme for the St. Gothard railway from impending shipwreck. Colonel Frey served as Swiss Minister to the United States from 1882 to 1888, and upon his return to Switzerland again entered political life there, and was soon elected to the Federal Council. In Switzerland the Federal Council consists of seven members. The two Chambers every year elect a President and a Vice-President of the Swiss Confederation from among the seven members of the Federal Council. Last year Colonel Frey served as Vice-President. He is quoted as saying that "The mission of Switzerland among the nations of the world is twofold—first, to demonstrate to the Old World that true democracy is not in contradiction with order and progress; second, that different peoples (as in Switzerland, the French, Italian, and German) can live peacefully and happily together under a common government, although separated by mountains and streams, with different languages, different interests, and distinct nationalities."

❀

Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten the complications between Madagascar and France several years ago, the result of which was to establish a French protectorate over the island, which took the rather curious form of a control of the foreign relations of the country, and an entire abstinence from any attempt to direct its internal administration. This was a neat device to keep off other countries and to prepare for the time when the fruit could be plucked entire. But this division of powers, which aims at a copartnership between independence and conquest, has not worked successfully, and there is likely to be a new crisis, if not an actual war, between France and Madagascar. The difficulty of sharply discriminating between home and foreign affairs has made trouble from the very start, especially when it came to such matters as giving land grants or mining concessions to foreigners. The Hovas have naturally striven to put the strictest construction on the French authority, and to limit it as much as possible, while the French have naturally reversed this policy and endeavored to put the broadest construction on their rights and to extend their authority as far as possible. Matters have also been complicated by the feeling between the Catholic missionaries on the one hand and the Protestant missionaries on the other. It is reported that feeling has risen to such a pitch, and there are so many points of irritation, that hostilities may break out at any moment. The Hovas are inferior soldiers when it comes to the matter of armament and discipline; but there are about fifty thousand of them, they are in their own country, and they are defending their rights, and they can undoubtedly make a good deal of trouble for the French if they choose to do so.

❀

In the recent epidemic of ministerial crises in Europe, both Greece and Servia have been affected. In the latter country M. Tricoupis returns to the position which he has filled before with conspicuous ability. The most pressing problem with which the new Ministry has to deal is the financial one, but the probability is that some arrangement will be made with the foreign creditors which will protect the credit of Greece, although it may not entirely meet the demands of the creditors. In Servia the bad feeling toward Austria, called out by the new duties on produce from that country, brought about the resignation of M. Dokics, the Premier, with the result of a gain in political influence in the new Cabinet on the part of the advanced radicals, who represent the Russian influence in that country. It is believed in some quarters that ex-King Milan, who is desperately in need of money, is meditating some new move which may introduce a new element of disorder.

❀

From the building of the second of English railways—that between Liverpool and Manchester—the seaport had expected always to be the natural gateway to and from the great industrial city. The sixty-three intervening years have justified this expectation, and Liverpool has been said to have grown fat on Manchester. Raw goods for the Manchester mills are accommodated in the vast dock acreage along the Mersey, and from the mills to those docks again comes the finished product. This was all very well once. But rates of from $1 to $5 on every ton transported became altogether too onerous, especially in these degenerate days of small profits. Absurd as the idea seemed at first, there was only one solution—a ship canal. It would benefit as well the other great textile manufacturing towns in Manchester's neighborhood—Salford, Oldham, Rochdale, Bolton, Huddersfield, Macclesfield. Of course Liverpool opposed the scheme with energy, but, after a fight of four years, at a cost of $500,000 a year on each side, the enterprise received Government sanction. That was in 1885. From 10,000 to 15,000 men were employed in the

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construction. Regular villages were built for them along the line, so that they might not be separated from their families. In each village were schools, a reading-room, a hospital, and a chapel. These workmen have built the largest artificial waterway in the world. While the Suez and Corinth Canals are 72 feet wide at the bottom, this is 120 feet at the bottom and 170 feet at the top. The time of transit will be about ten hours. But the canal just opened has a more salient point of difference from Suez and Corinth, and from those begun across Panama and Nicaragua and Schleswig-Holstein, in that it is no connection between sea and sea. This inland canal may be the first in a long list. As Manchester refused longer to pay tribute to Liverpool, so may Paris refuse to pay tribute to Havre.

❀

It is with something almost akin to a shock of surprise that we read Dr. John Murray's recently published conjecture relative to the size of the Antarctic mainland. He estimates it as an area of 4,000,000 square miles, or eight times the size of Greenland, and a third larger than the United States exclusive of Alaska. We can place little reliance upon such statements; and the inaccuracies of the maps concerning the South Polar district are also many. It is a pity that these errors cannot be corrected. Both Nares and Ross have sailed through seas still indicated as land on most maps. The Challenger's report showed that the actual difficulties of Antarctic research were not so great as those in the North Polar region, while the modern steam whalers and sledge traveling have not yet taken part in southern explorations. With the appliance of these advantages, who knows but that the South Pole will be discovered long before Dr. Nansen arrives at the North Pole? At all events, after many years there is something of a revival of Antarctic exploration. The movement centers in Great Britain, and, besides Dr. Murray's advocacy, has the support of the Royal Geographical Society. It is to be hoped that our knowledge of the climatic conditions, of the temperatures, of the atmospheric pressures, and of all the other associated influences may be speedily enlarged, even if we may not so speedily know of the interior ice-continent itself.

Hawaii

The President's Hawaiian Message to Congress is received so late—just as we go to press—that we can give our readers but the briefest abstract of it, and refer them to the daily journals for details. The message gives few or no facts which have not already been presented by Secretary Gresham's letter and Mr. Blount's report, and, briefly, in our columns; though they are presented with that clearness and positiveness of statement which usually characterizes moral earnestness; and that the President is very much in earnest in his belief that a great wrong has been perpetrated, and that it was his duty, acting for the people of the United States, to rectify that wrong, we doubt as little as we do that he is grievously mistaken in the second assumption, if not in the first. Without again rehearsing the story of the revolution as it appears to him, upon the investigation of Mr. Blount, it must suffice to report his conclusions, which we do, as nearly as possible in his own words, though compelled by exigency of space to condense them:

I believe that a candid and thorough examination of the facts will force the conviction that the Provisional Government owes its existence to an armed invasion by the United States. . . . In the present instance our duty does not end with refusing to consummate this questionable transaction. A substantial wrong has been done, which a due regard for our National character as well as the rights of the injured people requires we should endeavor to repair. These principles are enforced by recalling the circumstances of the Queen's surrender. She surrendered, not to the Provisional Government, but to the United States, not absolutely and permanently, but until such time as the facts could be considered by the United States. . . . As, however, the Provisional Government have been led to their present predicament of revolt against the government of the Queen by the indefensible encouragement and assistance of our diplomatic representative, regard should be had for their safety. . . . Accordingly, I instructed Minister Willis to advise the Queen and her supporters of my desire to aid in the restoration of the status existing before the lawless landing of the United States forces at Honolulu on January 16 last, if a general amnesty could be secured. These conditions have not proved acceptable to the Queen; and the check which my plans have thus encountered has prevented their presentation to members of the Provisional Government, and public exaggerations and misrepresentations have further obviously injured the prospects of successful Executive mediation. . . .

The final result is that the treaty for annexation is withdrawn, and will not again be submitted to the Senate. Otherwise the whole matter is referred to the discretion of Congress, with the President's assurance that he will "cooperate in any legislative plan which may be devised for the solution of the problem before us which is consistent with American honor, integrity, and morality."

It is clear from this message that our Minister was sent out to the Provisional Government for the purpose of engaging in secret negotiations for its overthrow. This appears to us to be a palpable wrong. It is not relieved by the uncertainty in which we are left as to whether either force or diplomatic pressure was, in certain contingencies, to have been used to accomplish that overthrow. Neither is it justified by the allegation that a previous wrong had been perpetrated which these secret negotiations were intended to rectify. Nothing can justify conveying assurances of our distinguished regard to a government whose destruction we are clandestinely endeavoring to accomplish.

The whole course of the Administration in this business appears to us to be based on analogies between the Nation and the individual which have no sound basis in logic or in morals. The argument that a country which has done a wrong ought to undo it is, in its application to Hawaii, specious but not sound. If the Queen's throne were personal property, and Mr. Cleveland had taken it from her, he ought to give it back to her. But it is not personal property; and it does not follow, even if it were taken from her by Mr. Harrison, that it ought to be given back to her by Mr. Cleveland. For:

1. Mr. Cleveland had no authority to act in the premises, except such as the people of the United States gave him. He was acting, not as an individual, but as an agent; and his principal gave him no authority to depose one Government and to set up another, or to act as an Executive mediator between two rival claimants to political power in a foreign country. He had constitutional authority to stop the policy of the previous Administration. He had a right, therefore, to withdraw the treaty negotiated by Mr. Harrison. When he went beyond that, and endeavored to destroy the Government which Mr. Harrison's Administration had recognized, he transcended the powers conferred on him, under the Constitution, by the vote of the people. He had no right to do, in the name of the people, what the people had not given him authority to do in their name.

And there is no reason why the people of the United States should put the Queen back on the throne, even if they become convinced that she was put off from her throne by the "lawless landing of United States forces." For:

2. We are dealing, not merely with the Queen, but with

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the people of Hawaii, and the right of the people of Hawaii to be let alone by their big neighbor is indisputable. If we violated that right in 1893, we are not thereby justified in violating it again in 1894. Our business is to mind our own business, and let the Hawaiians depose the Provisional Government and reinstate the Queen, or leave the Queen deposed and accept the Provisional Government, as they choose. Nor have we any right to insist that they shall solve this question in our way, by a plébiscite. We have no right to do anything but to leave them alone to settle their domestic disputes in their own way.

In this article we have put the President's view in a paragraph; we can put our own in a sentence.

A nefarious government has been deposed by a revolution, and a reputable one set up in its place—whether by the aid of the United States forces or not is a disputed question; it is not our right, much less our duty, to depose the reputable government and set up the nefarious one.

Generous Economies

Character is revealed in economies quite as much as in extravagances, and people show their governing principles quite as distinctly in the reduction as in the increase of expenditure. One may economize in a generous or a mean way; one may save money by reducing what he spends for himself, or he may save it by cutting off what he spends for others. The temptation to the latter course is not always successfully resisted, and it is for this reason, in part, that a good many institutions are now in danger of seriously suffering from the financial depression. It is a wholesome thing to revise one's personal expenditure. Americans, as a rule, live beyond their means. They do not spend more money than they earn, but they spend too much money in proportion to their earnings. Foreigners who come here are always struck by the lavish way in which things are done. This goes with American generosity, and if a change in National habits in this respect involved a loss of that quality, we should be very loth to urge such a change. In a time of financial depression, economy is not a matter of choice or even of principle; it is a matter of necessity. This season a great many people find themselves forced to scrutinize rigidly the expense account and to save a dollar at every possible point. This is in every way commendable and healthful, but it ought not to become a new form of temptation. We ought to economize on ourselves and not on our charities. We ought to be willing to suffer some privations rather than to diminish the volume of public beneficence. There will be greater need of such beneficence than ever before in our history; and undoubtedly that need will be responded to very generously because of the pressure of the appeal. No man or woman of any heart can live through this winter without a desire to share with the unfortunate whatever prosperity he or she may have. But, in the very intensity of the immediate need, there is danger that many of the ordinary channels may run dry, and that societies, institutions, and organizations of various kinds, all engaged in doing a good work in a wise way, may be seriously embarrassed. This ought not to be. The whole country has a noble opportunity of exercising self-denial and of bearing the brunt of hard times rather than of allowing that pressure to fall upon the most noble side of the National activity. Hospitals, homes, libraries, reading-rooms, and all manner of kindred organizations ought to have the first chance this winter rather than the second, and our gifts to them ought to be the last items in which reductions are made. Let economies begin at home and not abroad. Let us cut down our personal expenses and leave our charities intact.

The Advantages of Democracy

The uprising of the people brings with it some real evils, some serious dangers; of these we spoke last week. But it also brings some great advantages. Let not optimism shut its eyes to the former; let not pessimism be blind to the latter.

It brings with it a diffusion of wealth and the comforts which diffusion of wealth involves. The rich are growing richer, but the poor are not growing poorer; there never was a time or country in which there were so many comfortable homes as in the United States to-day. And comfort carries along with it culture. Consider the civilizing influence of an organ in a house, of pictures, of books; and to-day these are the heritage of the common people in America. It is democracy that has created the chromo and the popular illustrated periodical, and that has brought even the etching within the reach of plain people; democracy that has created a cheap literature, which now includes the best classics; democracy that has called into existence the upright piano and the cabinet organ. Men are no longer content to drudge out their life in a merely animal existence; they are rising up into a higher realm and getting a larger measure of life.

And with life comes a larger and often a nobler ambition. Never did a people live so fast as this American people. We live too fast, but it is better to live too fast than to live too slow; better the evils that go with life than the peace that goes with death; better the age in which men are not content with what they are, or even with what they have, in which the blood pulses with vigor and the nerves tingle with delight, and the race is moving along with aspirations for the higher and nobler life of the future, than the age in which mankind, or the larger part, lives in the dull despair which is so often mistaken for content.

Along with this growth of life there is a demand for the exercise of judgment; and judgment grows by exercise. Men are thrown upon themselves by democracy, and so judgment is developed. Throwing responsibility upon a boy makes the man; throwing responsibility upon a race makes a race of men. It makes men feel their need of development. Thus democracy creates public education by creating a public demand for such education. The school system of Germany may be better than that of the United States, but there is no other land in which there is so much eagerness for education as in the United States. It is a shame that in the city of New York there are not school-houses enough for the children who desire to enter, but it is also our glory that we have so aroused the desire of the children for education that they want more than the people have yet provided. Of two communities, one of which wants an education and has not got it, and the other of which has facilities for an education and does not want it, the first is the preferable, for the demand will create the supply, but the supply will not create the demand. The evils of the public school system are considerable—it is often mechanical, and often in the hands of politicians of small caliber. But a tolerable public school system is better than the best purely private school system, because it brings some education within the reach of the humblest. And, above all, it creates a desire for a better education which will in time secure what it needs and demands.

Along with this eagerness of life and this development

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of intelligence and judgment is a diffusion of responsibility, and, as a result, the creation of a certain measure of sober-mindedness. Responsibility develops sober-mindedness. The bachelor is always a radical in the training of children; when he is married and has children of his own he becomes conservative. The "outs" are radical, the "ins" are cautious. The American people have the responsibility of life laid upon them: the responsibility for their own life, individually; the responsibility for the National life, collectively. And this responsibility develops sobriety. While there is no other country in which life is so eager, there is also none in which it is so conservative. It is not in America that Socialism and Anarchism and Communism flourish; they are not indigenous; they are importations from France, Spain, Italy, Germany.

Democracy is endowed with a means of knowing the evils to be corrected, and with a power to correct them. The press in America is far from ideal, but it confers one inestimable benefit on the community: it affords a knowledge of public abuses, without which we could not abolish them. When one man undertakes to poll three or four votes to every voter in the town of Gravesend, and another man undertakes to run away with the charter of Buffalo, and a ring in New Jersey undertakes to administer the State in the interest of the horse-track, every man in the United States may know the facts, and public conscience can be aroused to convict the rascals and redeem the community.

Last week we frankly recognized some of the evils of democracy. This week we have endeavored to hint at some of its advantages. Without endeavoring to strike a balance, we think that the reader who accepts our estimate as at all judicial will perceive that the evils are incidental and remediable, while the advantages are essential and cumulative, and in this estimate may see new reason for the resolve that government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth.

A Christmas Thought

Christmas and Easter find their supreme importance in the fact that they represent, not the aspiration of man, but the revelation of God. They are not beautiful hopes, but historic facts; they are not things longed for with passionate and at times bitter earnestness, but the definite answers of God to the longings of men. The world had been full of aspiration after God before Christ came; there had been among every race saints and martyrs to truth; those who dared to hope and who dared also to set their lives to the keynote of hope; men and women who lived by faith without the assurance for which faith craves. The birth in Bethlehem was not a new expression of the aspiration of man after God and of the intense longing for truth and light; it was the definite and divine answer to the world-wide aspiration and to a longing as broad as humanity itself. The angels who sang above the plains of Bethlehem did not announce the unspringing of a new hope in the human soul, nor did the wise men travel from the East to recognize a new desire in the heart of man. Both angels and men recognized in the new-born child a soul commissioned to speak, not to God, but from him; and to express, not the aspirations of man, but the will of the Infinite. It is this which gave the first Christmas its deep and beautiful consolation and inspiration, and it is this which is to give to each succeeding Christmas its new revelation of hope and joy. The aspiration of man is the noblest part of him, and, therefore, the most beautiful thing in his history; but the revelation from God was needed to give it authority and to interpret its prophetic import.

Editorial Notes

—An exchange states—we know not on what authority—that the average pay of all the preachers in the United States is $500 per year. Remember this when you come across the next joke about the low intellectual quality of country preaching.

—The Georgia Legislature is considering a bill to raise the standard of the medical profession. It provides for a State Board of Examiners to test the skill of the medical college graduates. Some people in Georgia evidently feel like the Irishman who wouldn't have a doctor, as he "preferred to die a natural death."

—A Massachusetts Supreme Court Judge last week declared that newspapers had only the right to report fairly court proceedings, "not to comment upon them, give them color, or twist them." Under the legal maxim that where there is a wrong there is a remedy, we should be glad to see the courts put this law in practice.

—The mother of one of the kindergarten children at the College Settlement in this city is a Hungarian woman who has been in this country for six years. When she came, she says, she set to work immediately to learn our language. Only since her child has been attending the kindergarten has she learned that the language of the country is not German.

—The New York Central Railroad, according to friendly reports, has laid off one thousand men since the first of December, and will probably lay off more in January. The Directors of the Pennsylvania also have resolved to reduce expenditures at every possible point. If everybody would only follow these examples, and have all work stopped, how soon prosperity would return!

—A subscriber informs us that the reports of the International Monetary Conference are not to be had on application to the Secretary of State, but must be secured through the Senator or Representative from the State or district of the applicant. Those who wish to understand the silver question cannot find all sides better presented or in more compact form in any other volume.

—A committee of the Ohio Legislature, says an exchange, is considering the question of adopting an electrical voting apparatus by which the votes of two hundred members simultaneously given may be registered and counted in less than one minute. No doubt this is quick work, but in some of our Eastern Legislatures the wires are so laid that the votes on all important questions can be registered and counted by party managers weeks before they are taken.

—It is gratifying to announce that the "Morning Journal," the "Evening Sun," and the "Evening Telegram," papers which published false and libelous accounts of an alleged elopement of two very reputable Canadian people, have been compelled to pay damages to the amount of nearly $14,000, and that several other papers in this and other cities are still to be sued by the aggrieved parties. The action of this lady and gentleman in promptly bringing suits for libel is to be highly commended, and it is very much to be hoped that in every case of the kind prompt action will be taken to bring the offenders to justice. A few verdicts of heavy damages will go far to protect society from reckless and licentious papers.

—There is a good deal of truth in the comment of the London "Spectator" on a protest in a recent speech against the magnitude of modern biographies. The speaker, Mr. Welldon, protested, in the interest of broad culture, against the tremendous scale on which biography is now written, and the "Spectator" suggests that the best sacrifice which great men can make for the good of their fellows might be their willingness to be disposed of, in a biographical way, in one volume; and it adds: "But as for small men, should it not be early impressed upon them to insist sedulously on what Carlyle called 'no biography and silence'? Nine out of every ten modern biographies are superfluous, and the tenth is more or less lost among the nine superfluous ones."

—The London "Speaker" asks a very pertinent question suggested by the recent unveiling of the Lowell Memorial in the Chapter-House at Westminster: "Who in the year 1863 would have dreamt of the possibility of Wednesday's ceremony?" It is notable that in all English comments on Mr. Lowell, even more is said about his sturdy and uncompromising love of his country than about his wit, his culture, and his imagination. The Englishman often betrays a great lack of the latter quality in judging of his neighbors, and is consequently led into the same sort of blunder that he committed in his treatment of this country during the Civil War; but, on the other hand, the Englishman never fails to recognize a manly and outspoken attitude. It is the uncompromising American who really finds favor in England, not the man who apologizes for his country.

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The North Sea Mission

By Jacob A. Riis

TWO round, smooth stones lie on my desk for use as paper-weights, to which a recent cable dispatch gives a sad interest. I picked them up this past summer on the desloate Danish coast where, according to the dispatch, 127 fishermen perished in the great storm that swept the North Sea. I learned something then of the hard life of these men. The coast itself told the story with terrible eloquence, for along the sandy beach, upon which the surf beat even on that calm July day with voice of thunder, stood wreck upon wreck, and every few miles some great sand-dune was pointed out as a "dead man's mount," meaning that drowned sailors were buried there. The whole coast was one long, treacherous reef, with scarce two or three safe inlets in a stretch of a hundred miles or more for the fishing fleets that, with the salvage from wrecks, form the chief, indeed the only, dependence of the hardy shore-dwellers. Yet there are greater hardships on the North Sea than those endured by these fishermen. They, for the most part, fish independently, and bring home their daily or occasional catch. The English trawlers have reduced ocean fishing to a system which compels them to stay out on the deep for months together.

They fish—sometimes as many as two hundred sail together—in large fleets, fitted out by speculating firms on shore, which make the Dogger Bank, the Silver Pets, and the other rich fishing-grounds yield them a handsome profit. Their smacks are larger than the Danish boats, from forty to eighty tons burden, and carry crews of from five to seven men, so that a fleet like the Short Blue, the Red Cross, or the Great Northern has as large a population as many a good-sized village—say from 1,200 to 1,400 men and boys, who labor in all kinds of weather, week in and week out, Sundays included, at their hard and dangerous calling, often two hundred miles from shore. Their fishing is done chiefly at night. The "Admiral," the most experienced and trusted skipper of the fleet, signals "trawls down" at sunset, and the great trawling-beam, with its huge scoop-net, is shot from the side of each smack in the fleet, which is going before the wind—rarely, indeed, less than a gale on this boisterous sea. The net scrapes the bottom, gathering into its huge pocket everything that comes in its way, until the signal-rocket from the Admiral's boat orders the crews to "haul in." Then all hands turn to with a will. The catch is drawn on board, and quickly sorted, cleaned, and packed. The early dawn warns the fishermen that it is time to get their boxes ready for transfer to the fishing-steamer.

Every morning these swift little vessels, specially constructed for their purpose, seek out the fleet and bring their catch to Billingsgate or Shadwell markets. The delivery of the boxes on board the steamer is a most dangerous business if the sea runs high, in rough weather. A hundred boats and more are striving to be first at the rail. Collisions, with loss of life, occur frequently. It sometimes happens that a boat-crew, fish and all, is tossed upon the deck of the steamer, and never without some dire injury to some one or all on board. Up till a few years ago the men so injured, and those who succumbed to the hardships of their life of constant exposure, and fell ill of pneumonia or other diseases, had to take their chances on board, and the chances were those of death in nine cases out of ten. It is not strange that the North Sea fishermen, separated from home, from their families, and from every refining, ennobling influence, ever battling with the treacherous sea, with storm and ice and biting cold, with opportunity for dissipation constantly held out, but never a helping hand, grew to a large extent into an abandoned, desperate lot of ruffians to whom nothing was sacred, and whose brief sojourn at home was too often only a continuation of their wild orgies on board.

The opportunity at sea was furnished by the *coper*, a trading-smack, in fact a floating grog-shop, that followed the fleets wherever they went, offering the vilest of rum and worse abominations to their crews. The coper was very rarely an Englishman, for the reason that the chief attraction for the fishermen, the bait upon which they were caught, was cheap tobacco. Tobacco the fishermen will and must have. It is their one comforter in the bitter midnight watches on the heaving deck. To argue the point with them would be useless as well as foolish. They want tobacco, and a great deal of it. But tobacco is very dear in England because of the duty upon it. The foreign copers paid no duty, and were able to sell for 1*s.* 2*d.*, or about twenty-seven cents, a pound, the tobacco which the men had to pay a dollar for on shore. They went to the copers for tobacco, and took the rum that was offered them. When their money gave out, the coper was willing to take their fish, tackle, anchor, sails, anything that could be turned into money. Beastly drunk, the crews turned thieves to satisfy their craving for more of the vile stuff. They would sell a trawling-rope worth £30 for half a dozen bottles of schnapps worth perhaps a shilling a bottle. Numbers were drowned on their way back to their own smacks, or pitched each other overboard in their drunken fights. The scandal became so great that Parliament discussed ways and means of putting an end to it, and to the loss of life it caused every year on the sea.

Not by legislation, however, was this great evil to be overcome. It remained for the Christian conscience of the English people to be aroused to effectual battle with it. It is now twelve years since the Thames Church Mission, a river mission society, took the field against the coper by sending out a trawling-smack manned by a Christian crew to join the North Sea fishing fleets. The Ensign sailed in 1882 from Yarmouth quay, with the God-speed of a few, and the taunts and jeers of many, on its errand of mercy. It carried, besides its trawl, a well-stocked medicine-chest, a library of good, wholesome reading, lockers full of warm woolen clothing furnished by friends on shore, and a skipper who could not only spread a poultice with his horny thumb as well as any doctor, and set a broken bone, but who was not afraid to declare his trust in God rather than in the rum-flask, in and out of season. It came as a revelation to the seamen out on the deep, and in a few brief months it had demonstrated that here was indeed a field whitening for the harvest—but what a harvest if the reapers did not come quickly! They did come. By the end of the following year three mission smacks were trawling and laboring with the fleets, and in 1884 a fourth was added. In that year the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen became an independent organization. Up till that time it had been, properly, a Church society, though a Nonconformist had lent the first vessel, and its spirit had been in all things most catholic and broad. Thenceforward it went on record as a *Christian* mission.

Within a year the opportunity came to these men to show that they were eminently the right men in the right place. In the battle with the coper, who was the evil source of all the mischief, the odds were tremendously in his favor through his monopoly of cheap tobacco. The Board of Customs had refused to allow the Mission to take tobacco out of bond, and the duty was practically prohibitive. The managers decided that between satisfying the custom and doing their duty to the fishermen, the latter had the greater claim. In effect they became smugglers. They arranged with a Bristol firm to export the tobacco they needed to Ostend, then ran their smacks over there to get it. By this means they were enabled to undersell the coper and to drive him from the sea. The sincerity of the fishermen who said, "We don't want his rum; we do want his tobacco," was proved. The Government looked on, but did not interfere. When it tardily gave its

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consent, the enemy had been already beaten along the whole line.

To-day there is not a coper on the North Sea where a smack flying the blue flag of the Deep-Sea Mission fishes with a fleet. With the banishment of this curse, drunkenness among the crews has disappeared. They bring their earnings ashore, and many a family that formerly dreaded the coming home of the breadwinner as a time of trial has been made happy and comfortable. The loss of life on the North Sea is not nearly as great as it was. Some of the roughest fishermen, who once bore the reputation of being champion brawlers and drunkards, are now among the most earnest professing Christians, through whose efforts and example many souls have been won for Christ's cause. The Powers have been shamed into half-hearted international legislation against the coper, whose doom is finally sealed.

The blue flag to-day flies from the mastheads of eleven mission smacks. Three of them are hospital ships with surgeons on board. The captains or stewards of the other eight have certificates from the St. John's Ambulance Corps and the National Health Society, warranting their ability to give first aid to the injured. These fish with the rest. The hospital boats alone do not. At the very beginning of the work it was found that the boat which was scrubbed cleanest by a crew with nothing else to do was not the one that attracted the most fishermen to the Sunday services or the week-day meetings. The fishermen, in their oily clothing, which probably had not been dry once or off their backs since they left shore, were afraid of smudging the clean boat. They did not feel at home. So it was decided that the mission crews, to be effective fishers of men, must fish with them, share their work, their hardships, and their anxieties. They do that to this day, and they have no lack of caliber. The tobacco has ceased to be the chief attraction, though it is yet, and always will be, in the first rank. The crews come not only to get broken limbs set and bruises bandaged; very many come with an eager request for "something to read"—a longing which can never be fully appreciated by the landsman who finds his newspaper on his door-step every evening. Out in this watery desert the well-filled book-chest on board the mission smack means, often, escape from the gambling devil whom the coper left behind to continue his foul work when he fled. To the Sunday services the crews come in force, and very often on week-days delegations of skippers request the missionary to hold a meeting on this or that smack.

The Deep-Sea Mission spends something over a hundred thousand dollars a year in its great work. In 1891 it had nearly nine thousand patients under medical or surgical treatment on the various North Sea fleets; distributed over 400,000 magazines, nearly 300,000 tracts, and 11,837 books, not including 2,336 Bibles; 1,743 religious services were held on board its ships; and the tobacco, sold at cost or a trifle below, aggregated in value about $15,000.

Last year the Mission sent one of its ships, the Albert, across the Atlantic to the fishermen who in summer leave their Newfoundland homes and camp on the bleak coast of Labrador. These bring their women with them, and their condition during their stay there, when some 25,000 persons gather alongshore with neither priest nor doctor within reach, is described as most deplorable. In the coming season another boat, the Princess May, is to follow, so that the beneficent activity of this truly Christian movement is about to be extended to American shores, with who can tell what ultimate result? Is there no need of a mission to deep-sea fishermen, on the practical English pattern, on this side of the Atlantic? On the Great Banks alone there is a population of quite 5,000 men fishing from April to October, often in old and unseaworthy boats, wretchedly equipped, suffering great hardships during their four, five, and six weeks' stay out at sea. It is true there are no copers on the Banks, but neither are there hospital ships or churches afloat. The great difficulty in attempting to relieve their wants would be that, unlike the North Sea fishermen, they do not fish in fleets, but singly and independently, as a rule.

Hampton's New Principal

The Rev. H. B. Frissell, successor to General Armstrong as Principal of Hampton Institute, is a man who, by descent and training, seems particularly fitted for the work to which he has been called. His father is the Rev. Amasa C. Frissell, now of Plainfield, N. J., one of the Secretaries of the American Tract Society—a man who never failed in the troublous times before the war to take his stand on the side of the oppressed slave, and who was ready to sacrifice himself, when the occasion demanded, for his convictions. Through an aunt, who was one of the early missionaries to the Indians, we can trace a tie that binds him to the second race for which Hampton is working.

Mr. Frissell's own labor as a boy for self-support and education fits him perhaps better than most men of similar culture to appreciate the fight that Hampton students are making. While fitting for college at Dr. Dwight's school on Broadway, New York, his mornings of study were followed by afternoons of hard work as agent of the Boston Tract Society. In this occupation he performed not simply the duties of a clerk, doing up and directing all packages of publications distributed by that Society from New York, but also those of a porter, carrying about the bundles on his own back to the different points from which they were to be sent out. Much information was thus obtained concerning out-of-the-way parts of the city—information that stood him in good stead later—as well as a fund of knowledge of human nature in its various aspects.

His school life closed with a year at Phillips Academy, Andover, under Dr. Samuel Taylor, and he entered Yale in the fall of '69 to work his way through his college course. Here his fine voice helped him, and, by singing on Saturdays in the Jewish synagogue and on Sundays in a Baptist as well as in a Congregational church, he made his way at the same time that he broadened his ideas and fitted himself unconsciously for his future work. As President of the Yale Glee Club he engineered that society through the longest vacation trip that they had ever at that time undertaken, and, after visiting Chicago, Cincinnati, and other Western cities with them, brought them safely back to college with a fund of seven hundred dollars net profit to contribute to the Yale Boat-house, then just building. A severe attack of typhoid fever delayed his graduation for a year, bringing him to the end of his course in '74.

After graduation Mr. Frissell spent two years in teaching at a school on the Hudson, at the same time beginning his theological studies under an Episcopal clergyman. The Centennial year found him in New York, studying at Union Seminary, and in charge of the home and mission schools of Dr. Robinson's church. For a year after his graduation he continued with Dr. Robinson as assistant, and a very hard year of mission work, combined with worry over the heavy indebtedness of the church, nearly broke down the young man's health, and forced him to give up the field that he had chosen.

Then came an invitation to Hampton from General Armstrong. The position of chaplain, made vacant by the departure of the Rev. J. H. Denison, was offered to Mr. Frissell, and he went down to take up there the work which was to prove so much more to him than he could possibly have expected at that time.

At first, in his capacity as chaplain of the school, he spent much time in the study of the people from whom the students came, as well as of the work done by graduates in their country school-houses. Long horseback journeys were undertaken—one of five hundred miles, through the Carolinas and back to Hampton by way of Washington—during which he learned to know and sympathize with the

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humble, struggling, patient people among whom his mission was to lie.

And now for thirteen years he has been growing into the work which General Armstrong has at last laid down forever. Working under his leader, both in the school and in the Northern campaigns, he has grown to know and understand every detail of his great task. With his own experience in hard work for an education, he can feel the value of the industrial idea for which Hampton stands; and, after so many years of close and intimate relationship to General Armstrong, he will not be satisfied that the school should in any respect fall short of the noble ideal toward which its founder was striving. Perhaps General Armstrong's wisdom is in no way better exemplified than by his careful training of such a man to carry on the labor he had begun. G.

University Possibilities in New York

By a Former Student at Oxford University

There are fifteen schools or colleges in New York City whose purposes are sufficiently harmonious to make it possible to consider them as one group. These are the Columbia School of Mines, School of Arts, School of Medicine, School of Law, School of Political Science, and School of Philosophy; the University Department of Arts and Sciences, Department of Medicine, Department of Law, Department of Pedagogy, and Graduate Seminary; the General Theological Seminary; Union Theological Seminary; Barnard College; and the Teachers' College. Of these schools or colleges, six are closely united in the Columbia College system; five are closely united in the University College system; two are loosely joined to the Columbia system; and two are practically separate and independent. If all these schools could be so federated as to obtain singleness of direction, while preserving autonomy of function, certain advantages might ensue. It is the purpose of this paper to consider how far an analogy exists between the situation now existing and that which formerly existed at Oxford, England, and in what respects the solution obtained at Oxford would seem to be adequate in New York.

In Oxford, formerly, were twenty-one colleges. These colleges were separate institutions, with separate departments, separate chapels, separate systems of education, and separate and widely varying endowments. These colleges still preserve their identity and their separate funds, but they are now all parts of a university.

In federating these colleges, four difficulties were encountered, all of which difficulties exist in New York at the present time. These were:

I. The difficulty of obtaining funds for the central government. This difficulty was made as small as possible at Oxford by the limitation of the pecuniary needs of the University to the least possible amount. The University now has only two or three buildings, less in value than those of any one of the colleges. Having thus limited the amount, the needs of the University are met by the establishment of a "University Chest," which is kept in funds by:

(*a*) A tax or contribution from the separate colleges, levied mainly in accordance with the recommendation of a Committee of the House of Commons, acting under a statute enacted for this purpose. This amount is small—say $20,000 per year—and is not given as a general fund for the University, but as a contribution toward instruction in special branches, for which a university rather than a college demand exists.

(*b*) The income of certain trust funds given to the University for specific purposes, such as the endowment of special chairs and the provision of income for special institutions—the Bodleian Library, Taylor Institute, Botanical Garden, and others. These funds give a yearly income of perhaps $70,000.

(*c*) The income of certain properties and funds which have come into the possession of the University. This income can be used for general purposes, and amounts, net, to about $40,000 per year.

(*d*) The profits of the University press and certain small University enterprises. This income can be used for general purposes, and amounts to about $25,000 per year.

(*e*) The income from matriculation fees, say $10,000 per year; from University tuition fees, say $55,000 per year; from examination fees, say $30,000 per year; and from degree fees, say $45,000 per year. This income, amounting in total to, say, $140,000 per year,[1] is available for the general purposes of the University.

Of these five sources of income it would appear that only the latter would be immediately available in New York. But if a foundation endowment of one million dollars could be raised as the condition of the establishment of a federated university system, no doubt bequests and gifts would be added.

II. The second difficulty at Oxford was to gain co-ordination of function in colleges in which great inequalities of wealth existed. In meeting this difficulty no attempt was made to equalize the wealth. Some colleges are now rich, some poor; some are large, some small; some are expensively carried on, some inexpensively; some have high residence fees, some low; some have no graduate students, and one (All Souls') no undergraduate students; some have superb buildings, some have very poor ones; and one (the Non-Collegiate) has no buildings at all and hardly any faculty, and yet is entirely co-ordinated with the others, being governed by a committee—called a Delegacy—from the colleges. Yet these colleges are entirely equal, educationally considered. The difficulty was met by a system of co-operation, by what one might call a traffic arrangement. The student enters a college, lives there, is credited to it, and pays his fees to it. But he does not, as formerly, necessarily get all of his instruction there. His tutor—each student has a special adviser—lays out his work with him. The student takes a part at his own college, a part at another; all courses—advised by his tutor—are open to him at any college. Naturally, a system has grown up by which all of the history students, for example, of half a dozen colleges go to one college for the history courses. Certain colleges limit their own work to certain lines, and students from other colleges come to them. In return, their own students get instruction in other branches in other colleges. Co-operation thus tends to diminish the disparity, and the gradual growth of the supremacy of the University tends to extinguish it altogether. For the colleges grant no degrees, and the University is sure in the end to become the central source of power.

III. The third difficulty in Oxford lay in the existence of vested interests—established professorships, funds, special buildings, successful special experts, and such like valuable possessions. These have all been preserved. They have proved an assistance. For specialization has developed in the separate colleges, so that each college now has a character. It has a reputation in special lines. This result is conceivable in New York. It is possible, for example, that the Columbia Law School and the University Law School might wisely develop on different lines, the one perhaps as a school of jurisprudence and the other as a school of practice, under the guidance of an executive university, and yet have complete co-ordination and interchange of both professors and students.

IV. The fourth difficulty was a very serious one in Oxford, and is in New York. It was the social and religious question involved in federation. But this has proved an assistance instead of a hindrance. The differences were not obliterated, but were accentuated. In Oxford one college is a Welsh college—not so called, but in fact; one is a Yorkshire college; one is specifically a High Church college; one is a resort of men of rank; one quite the reverse. The social differences seem to be gradually dropping out

[1] The University matriculation fee is $12.50, required of every student in every department of the University. In addition, most of the colleges require a matriculation fee, ranging in amount from nothing at Keble and Magdalen, to $40 at Worcester. The University tuition fee is $10 per year (usually collected for the University by the colleges), in addition to which a tuition fee is charged at each college, ranging in amount from $105 at Worcester to $135 at Corpus. The University conducts all examinations and takes all examination fees. The degree fees also go mainly to the University, though a moderate honorarium is paid to the college. The amounts named vary, of course, from year to year. The separate colleges have incomes in some cases exceeding that of the University. In the year taken as basis the University had a gross income of about $312,000, while Christ Church alone had a gross income of $350,000, and the combined income of all the colleges was nearly ten times that of the University.

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in Oxford, but the religious differences seem to hold. Many parents seem to prefer to have their sons under certain influences in the early years of their college life.

If a university in New York had few special university buildings, but gave its post-graduate and strictly university courses in such portions of the separate college buildings as were best adapted to the special work, and under the charge of experts who were in part at least members of the college faculty, it would hardly itself have a distinctively sectarian or social bias; but the separate colleges could very well retain a religious character. The Columbia colleges and the General Seminary, for example, might be distinctively Episcopalian; the University colleges and Union Seminary might be distinctively Presbyterian. If, later, a Methodist college, a Catholic college, or a Hebrew college should be added to the system, perhaps advantage rather than harm would ensue. The establishment of a rival denominational university in New York, now by no means impossible, would be less to be feared, perhaps, if the opportunity for the establishment of a denominational college as part of an existing and strong non-denominational university were open.

The unifying bond at Oxford is the degree-conferring power of the University, based upon a system of University examinations. The government of the University is in the hands of a council or committee, elected by the colleges, and composed of members of the college faculties. It may be a question whether this part of the Oxford system is in all respects fitted to the conditions existing in New York. This paper is not intended to be exhaustive, nor to present any argument whatever, but simply to set in order a few of the facts. The matter is worth discussing, for there are now three thousand students in the institutions named, and a university federated on the lines here indicated would probably at the outset outrank any university in the United States in respect of number of students, in respect of total income of university and colleges, and in respect of breadth of educational tender.

Old Hymns of the Nativity

By H. A. Vaughan

The story of the Nativity of our Lord is fertile in quaint paradoxes. In the good old days of Queen Elizabeth, when paradox was in vogue and universal philanthropy was as yet an undiscovered emotion, the commemoration of Christ's birth wore a very different aspect from what it wears to-day. That the only begotten Son of God deigned to be cradled in a manger then seemed to the devout not so much a holy pattern of humility for our spiritual imitation as a strange and sweet miracle by which the need of any such degree of self-abnegation and self-abasement in us was forever done away with. Christ took upon himself poverty and death to save us from the power of both, preached the worthy and wealthy Bishop of Winchester and his episcopal brethren, and all the people said "Amen"—all, that is, save the Puritan faction, and on that day they kept silent.

But if the ethical lessons of the Incarnation occupied no such place in the celebration of the day as they occupy to-day, the strange mystery of the Incarnation made a far deeper impress. The Roman Catholic teachings of the preceding centuries had so exalted the deity of Christ and had so far ignored his humanity that the lesson could not be forgotten in a generation, and the Elizabethan looked upon the child swaddled in the manger as an infant God. The descent of the everlasting Word to the stable at Bethlehem seemed a more wonderful miracle for its very simplicity of outward manifestation than did the return of the Word from earth to His heavenly country. It was not the Resurrection but the Nativity which was pre-eminently the supernatural manifestation of the Christian faith three hundred years ago; thus, however hard and fast may be the creeds, the lights and shades of popular and lay religion change from age to age.

Yet awe at the divine mystery did not prevent the poets and preachers of the day from dwelling, with a quaintness not then counted irreverence, upon the homeliness, the contrasts, the paradoxes, of the transmutation in which

> . . . the infinite far greater grew
> By growing less.

It is with homespun conceits and with curious fondness that the young Jesuit Father, Robert Southwell, depicts the little court at Bethlehem, as he tells us to

> Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish;
> Nor beasts that by Him feed;
> Weigh not His Mother's poor attire,
> Nor Joseph's simple weed.
>
> This stable is a Prince's court,
> The crib His chair of state;
> The beasts attendants on His pomp,
> The wooden dish His plate.
>
> The persons in that poor attire
> His royal liveries wear;
> The Prince Himself is come from Heaven,
> This pomp is prizèd there.

It was fortunate for Robert Southwell, outlawed, tortured, and doomed to execution, that he could so twine his homeliest affections about the objects of his faith. In all the strange antitheses set forth in Elizabethan literature, the strangest are to be found in the characters of the authors themselves. Why did these searchers for paradox never search themselves? With what skill Southwell might then have treated of the contrast between his happy fancies and his indomitable fortitude; between the seriousness of his faith and the affectionate playfulness of its utterance! Yet he who does not discover depth of feeling and genuineness of devotion beneath these old figures of speech is but a poor reader, and has too much of the atmosphere of his own brief generation clouding his eyes.

Let such a reader turn to the greater dignity, though the less tender and perhaps less earnest lines, of old Ben Jonson's Magnificat, which sings of how

> The Son of God, th' eternal King,
> That did us all salvation bring,
> And freed the soul from danger;
> He whom the whole world could not take,
> The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
> Was now laid in a manger.
>
> What comfort do we by Him win,
> Who made Himself the price of sin,
> To make us heirs of glory;
> To see this Babe, all innocence,
> A martyr born in our defense—
> Can man forget the story?

And then let him turn to the simpler and deeper commemoration of the Nativity in the lines of the one gentle Puritan of literature, Edmund Spenser, and with these words close the poets' view of the infant Christ:

> Begin from first, where he encradled was
> In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
> Between the wilful ox and humble ass,
> And in what rags, and in how base array,
> The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
> When him the silly shepherds came to see,
> Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.
>
> From thence read on the story of his life,
> His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
> His cancred foes, his povertie, his sharp assays
> Through which he passed his miserable days,
> Offending all, and doing good to all,
> Yet being maliced both of great and small.
>
> And look at last how of most wretched nights
> He taken was, betrayed, and false accused;
> How with most scornful taunts and fell despites
> He was reviled, disgraced, and foul abused;
> How scourged, how crowned, how buffeted, how bruised,
> And, lastly, how 'twixt robbers crucified,
> With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, through side!

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A New Sunday-School Lesson System

By the Rev. Samuel Weyler[1]

The numerous difficulties which I have encountered in teaching the International Lessons have led me to adopt in my own Sunday-school an entirely new system, which, though but partially worked out as to details, has already received the unqualified, I had almost said the enthusiastic, approval of numerous ministers, Sunday-school teachers, and many prominent Biblical scholars. I shall not attempt, in this article, to give more than a brief outline of the system, and to point out its principal advantages.

1. It is proposed to study the *entire* Biblical material under the following three heads: (*a*) Bible History; (*b*) Bible Literature; (*c*) Bible Doctrine—the history and literature to furnish an inductive basis for the doctrines.

2. Each of the three courses to cover three years for three grades, Primary, Intermediate, and Advanced—all studying the *same* portion of Scripture, but each grade emphasizing a different set of facts and points of interest.

3. The manner of study is to be *comprehensive*—not to study verses or even chapters, but to get a general view of the Bible and its component parts; of its salient facts in their chronological order, of its great ideas and truths in their historic progressive development.

4. In order to get the full benefit of these lessons, a daily reading and study of some thirty minutes will be required; but the "helps" are to be so arranged that anybody attending Sunday-school regularly will get enough of the facts or thoughts of the week to keep up the general connection, and to induce him more and more to do the home work.

5. The "helps" are never to print even a single verse of Scripture; the daily readings, the Sunday lessons, and even the golden texts are to be indicated by chapter and verse only, which both teacher and pupils will be obliged to find in their Bibles.

I know that I have already said enough to awaken an avalanche of questions and objections. I shall try to meet the principal ones, and, when possible, will give the objection in the words of the report. It will be said:

(1) "We cannot have scientific study in the Sunday-school. . . . Our Sunday-schools have neither the scholars nor the teachers to do it." I answer: (*a*) Of course you "cannot have scientific study" with an *un*scientific method and plan: there is nothing to induce regularity in study or even attendance when you can begin anywhere, any time; when you can skip as many lessons as you please without injury to the system (?); when you can go on studying (?) for twenty-one years, and never know where the Bible begins or ends, or how much of it you have studied, or how many centuries more you have to study before you will get—I was going to say to *the end*, but that does not seem to be what we are studying for—somewhere! (*b*) So long as our helps, so called, tell "all about the lesson," from the definition of the words to the latest illustration of "answer to prayer in the case of an old woman in Georgia;" and so long as our teachers and scholars come to Sunday-school with their quarterlies, and the former ask the questions therein printed, and the latter read the answers, so long will scientific study, or any other kind of study, be impossible. I will simply state that I tried my system in a very small Sunday-school of a missionary church in northern Wyoming (could a more unfavorable field have been chosen?), and I could furnish them no helps but the briefest kind of outlines duplicated by a mimeograph, and yet it worked splendidly. (A sample of these outlines is given below.)

(2) "Will your plan, if adopted, do away with the denominational publication of Helps, or supersede other systematic studies now extant?" Neither. (*a*) Each and every publishing house can get both the lesson selections and the outlines of study (which seem to be inseparable from the success of the system), at the nominal cost of ten per cent. of their income from quarterlies, and their editors can fill out and elaborate the answers to questions and suggestions as they see fit. (*b*) My work is barely laying the foundation for a more thorough study of each book and subject by itself. I aim only to give a comprehensive and *connected* view of the Bible as a whole; then inductive studies of the life of Christ and the Apostolic Church, or the Mosaic legislation and the Northern Kingdom, will be in order. My system is simply to occupy the place of a "common-school education," whereas Professor Harper's or Mr. Blakeslee's lessons professedly provide for more advanced scholars. There is not only no conflict between the two, but each is the complement of the other.

(3) "Will you do away with special lessons, such as Missionary, Temperance, etc.?" Not at all. My system provides a Review Lesson at the end of each quarter, for which may be substituted, at the option of each school, any special feature desirable. This also is left for the various publishing societies to provide—whatever special lessons they may deem important, even Christmas and Easter lessons, as well as order of exercises, etc.

(4) "Your plan calls for a Bible in the hands of every scholar." Yes, and I insist on it. It will be the best investment for individual churches, the Missionary Societies, and the Bible Society to provide every Sunday-school attendant with a Bible. And remembering that the Notes published in connection with the plan here proposed are to be, so to speak, permanent—good for successive classes of Primary, Intermediate, and Advanced grades—the money now expended on Quarterlies (which to-day are, and to-morrow are cast into the stove) will suffice for placing the great Book in every home. The untold benefits and blessings derived from studying the lesson *in the Bible* need not here be rehearsed.

Before pointing out the main advantages of my plan, let me annex a copy of the outline for the *first* lesson (I take this sample so as not to be charged with special selection), which was used, *verbatim et literatim*, in the Sunday-school above referred to:

SYSTEMATIC BIBLE STUDY.

[First year—Bible History.]

Prepared by Rev. S. Weyler.

I. Lesson—1st Sun. in Jan.—*Subject:* ADAM.—*Golden Text*, Gen. **1**: 1.[1]

I.—Daily Readings.

Mon., Gen.	**1**: 1–25.	Thurs., Gen.	**4**.
Tues., "	**1**: 26—**2**: 17.	Fri., "	**5**.
Wed., "	**2**: 18—**3**: 24.	Sat., "	**1**: 26—**2**: 17 (Review).

Sun., read *in School* Gen. **3**: 1–15.

II.—Daily Study (in connection with *Reading*).

Mon., *Creation.*—*Who* created the world?—*How?* (Ps. **33**: 6)—In *how many* days?—*What* in each day? [Other and more explicit questions may be added.]

Tues., *Man.*—*When* created?—*Where* put?—*What* was Paradise?—Mention *two* special *trees* in it.

Wed., *Sin.*—*What* was its *cause?*—*Who* sinned first?—What *was* the sin?—What were its *results?*

Thurs., *Crime.*—*Who* committed the *first* murder?—*Whom* did he kill? (*always* so.)—*Cause?*—How *punished?*

Friday, *Review* carefully points on *Creation* and *Man*.

Sat., Fix firmly points on *Sin* and *Crime*.

III.—Class Study.

1. *Primary.*—[Teacher tells Adam's story, taking the following as a *basis*.]—God prepared the world for man, providing him with every blessing, asking in return only obedience (to one thing); but man sinned, and so lost Paradise, brought suffering and death to himself and posterity. Sin was transmitted to Cain, the murderer.

2. *Intermediate.*—[Teacher calls out the story by questions on *Daily Study*.]

3. *Advanced.*—(1) Review the general facts.—(2) Bring out minor points, such as: (*a*) Lamech's story; (*b*) Enoch's story; (*c*) Generations between Adam and Noah.—(3) Consider: (*a*) Gen. and Science, do they agree? (*b*) Meaning of *days*, of serpent, of paradise; (*c*) Assyrian story of Creation, etc.

IV.—Practical Points.

1. God the Creator.—2. God's *ideal* man.—3. Promise of ultimate triumph over sin.

N.B. When published in quarterly form, the material will be classified, separated, and graded according to the several needs of the classes.

A glance at the outline will show that the plan is (*a*) thoroughly inductive (the Bible itself forming the basis of study, and its history and literature underlying the study of doctrine; (*b*) perfectly systematic; (*c*) progressive (not

[1] Buffalo, Wyoming.

[1] All through my lessons, *large* numerals indicate *chap.*; small, *verse*.

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only in the various courses, but in the triple grade, and dwelling on the same facts from different and higher points of view); (*d*) impressive (the daily readings and studies, supplemented by the weekly class discussions, summarized in the quarterly reviews, enlarged in the successive yearly grades, and referred to in the various courses, cannot help but thoroughly impress the Bible on every pupil's mind and heart); (*e*) stimulating and inspiring (teachers and scholars feel all the time that they are growing and working for a goal; in fact, we may well introduce examinations at the end of each grade and course, promoting only those passing a certain percentage; it provides daily, systematic—*i. e.*, continuous—reading for the home, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, etc., etc.); (*f*) suggestive (it gives only a bird's-eye view of the Bible, preparing the way for ever deeper specific studies of its great themes and books).

In conclusion, let me say (1) that we are ready for such an "advanced step" only because of the excellent work of the past twenty-one years; for, while the system was undesirable, the work accomplished is admirable; (2) that my plan is now and always will be open for improvements which may be suggested by successive triennial conventions—for it will be noticed that each course takes only three, instead of seven, years. And I cordially invite the co-operation of Biblical scholars, of the religious press, of Sunday-school workers, and most especially of the International Committee, in perfecting and popularizing the system here advocated.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XLVII.

A MYSTERIOUS POET

A couple of hours later Margherita, in amber velvet, was receiving the congratulations of her husband's kin. Reinout had bought her a brooch, with the florins obtained by brief betting at a club écarté-table. Rolline stood admiring it wistfully under one of the huge lace lampshades.

Mevrouw Elizabeth Rexelaer came sailing in with her Judge among her skirts. When Mevrouw Elizabeth entered a room, there was no vacancy in it, during the first few moments, for any one else; to-day, by the time she had settled down, it became apparent that the master of the house had slipped in after her. He was in excellent spirits. "I have got some splendid news!" he said.

"Splendid for us?" asked Jane.

"Splendid for all, my dear, in so far as we all hang together."

"Ah, but we don't," murmured Jane, in a spiteful aside to her brother George. "Thank Heaven, we are not yet *all* dependent on Uncle Hil."

"Oh, shut up!" replied handsome George. He had recently succeeded in extracting a loan from his uncle, to the envious admiration of the rest. The latter gentleman was offering his arm to his sister-in-law. The company rustled into pairs. And as they did so, the fond mother pointed to Reinout and Antoinette: "How charming they look!" she whispered. "Yes, don't they!" responded Count Rexelaer, hastily. The heir apparent of Deynum, restricted like royalty, must choose from among half a dozen high-born maidens that humbly awaited his pleasure. He might be gracious to Topsy meanwhile, if he chose.

Everybody should be gracious to everybody. Mevrouw Elizabeth was delighted with Hilarius's expansive complaisance. "It is that low-born Margaret who spoils him," she reflected. "And now, my dear brother, tell us your news!"

Hilarius was eager to do so. A silence fell upon all the nephews and nieces as he told. "It has pleased his most gracious Majesty"—the Courtier's face assumed a fold of half-ironical humility—"to confer the exalted post left vacant by Count Frank de Bercy's death upon his Majesty's faithful servant—*me!*"

Of course there was an outburst of perfunctory congratulation. But if anybody really cared, it was the old Chevalier. "The blessed saints be with him!" mumbled that perfumed relic in his immaculate shirt-front. And mentally he added, "If blessed saints there be."

The Judge rose and toasted "His Excellency!" and the yellow-robed Creole beside him looked up with a vainglorious smile. Yes, it was nice. They all felt it was nice. "Admit that it is," said Topsy, turning her pretty, plucky little head towards her neighbor. "Oh, nice enough," replied Reinout; "Pharaoh's footman promoted to the place of Pharaoh's butler, deceased." But the girl only laughed at him. "You are very young," she declared. "You may always say those things to me."

In the smoking-room Count Rexelaer had to listen to the lisped congratulations of the gentleman whose presence he had striven to prevent, an attaché at the French Legation—"my compatriot," averred Margherita: "model yourself, my dear child, on the manners of Monsieur de Bonnaventure." Reinout had slipped away from an endless tale of his eldest cousin's gambling losses and taken refuge with the ladies, two of whom were differing politely on every subject they approached, while Jane sat buried in a pile of much-coveted reviews, and Rolline lay back dreaming of her dear little peach of a baby, all sweet and soft and good to eat. It was a relief when the gentlemen came upstairs, Count Rexelaer with a bundle of newly arrived letters in his hand. His Excellency halted in the middle of the room. "Margherita," he said, while avoiding his wife's eyes, "I am very much annoyed. I have just heard from Dievert that the people I so unwisely readmitted to the chapel have kept some sort of religious anniversary there. A Catholic service, in fact."

"This is truly shocking," said Mevrouw Elizabeth, from among the perplexed audience, in her most impressive tones.

"Oh, I dare say they only celebrated mass," interposed Margherita, lightly. She was angry about the reopening of the chapel, because it had been refused to herself. "Do not let us quarrel about religion, pray."

"It is not a question of religion, but a question of decency!" fumed the Count. "The old Barebones does nothing but tease me with his tranquil impertinence. I would give a good sum could I drive him from Deynum!"

He squeaked out the words in his irritation. Margherita caught a smile of careless contempt beneath the French diplomat's waxed mustache. She appealed to him to create a diversion. "C'est bête," she said; "has nobody anything amusing?"

Jane wheeled round from her table. "Here are these verses," she interposed, "that people are talking about, in the 'Revue Parisienne.' Have you seen them, Aunt Margaret, you who are such a lover of poetry?"

"No. Read them to us," replied Margherita, glad of any escape.

"Oh, poetry!" murmured Guy, and, winking at Reinout, he wandered away to pause vacantly in front of a female statuette. Reinout, at the first mention of the review and the poem, had fallen back hastily into impenetrable shade.

The poem was a short one in honor of an incident much discussed at the time. In a South American republic—of all places!—a murderer's execution had been twice interrupted by the breaking of the rope; whereupon the mob had invaded the scaffold and rescued the criminal, actuated, said the poet, by an impulse of heaven-born pity. "Brotherly sympathy," though perhaps a shade more accurate, would hardly have rhymed so well with—the sentiments of the singer.

Hitherto, said the poet, all light had arisen in the East, and he appealed to the nations of Europe to be foremost in heralding the daybreak of mercy. Else would its morning be not sunlight but storm.

> Car c'est dans l'occident que l'ouragan s'élève
> Dont la grande marée effacera la Grève!

Jane read well, and therefore enjoyed reading whether

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people listened or not. She had rung out the last lines with real spirit. Why did Reinout, in the silence which followed, shrink still farther back?

"It ends in a pun," said the diplomat. "That is bad."

"A pun! No; where?" cried Mevrouw Elizabeth. Her daughter hastily intervened. "The whole thing is modeled on Victor Hugo," she said. "Capital punishment is his hobby. But it is attracting a great deal of notice, and I think it is distinctly good."

"It isn't poetry at all," complained Margherita. "It is merely rhymed talk about politics. Poetry deals with the nobler affections."

The diplomatist beside her bowed low over her fan. "You have expressed it exactly," he said.

"The sentiments are French," declared Mevrouw Elizabeth, "and would meet with no sympathy here."

"You think not?" asked Reinout's voice from the depths of a bay window. He came slowly back into the light. "As it happens," he said, "I can favor you, if you like, with a translation of Jane's poem. I bought it, by the merest chance, on my way home this afternoon." And, drawing a newspaper from his pocket, with a word of apology to the Frenchman, he gave them the whole thing over again.

"That is how it sounds in Dutch," he said.

"And very ugly, too," said Margherita.

"The translation is not half bad," protested sententious Jane; "whom is it by?" George yawned audibly. Simmans had taken the paper from Reinout's hand. "Queer literature," he said, "for the Jonker van Rexelaer," and passed it on to the Count. That gentleman glanced at the title, and dropped the red-hot, revolutionary coal.

Reinout laughed. Mevrouw Elizabeth smilingly shook a substantial finger. "René, René!" she said. "You are an *enfant terrible*. But we know it is only your fun."

"What is it all about?" inquired the Judge, pulling himself together and definitely waking up. "What has Reinout got there? I suppose it is the 'Cry of the People.' Well, Simmans, we have it at the Law Courts and the Ministries. I agree with him; it is far better to know what these foolish people say."

"Oh, the socialists, you know!" remarked Rolline's Jonker, screwing his eye-glass tight.

His fond young wife stretched forth her fan to playfully tap his arm. "Don't," she said, "you horrid boy!"

But Simmans was resolved to have his say. "It is different for us," he declaimed, "who stand forth to protect society. But Reinout is one of life's favored butterflies. We, on the ramparts, must accustom ourselves to the smell of the powder."

"Yes, that is what I always feel," interposed Margherita, turning from her earnest conversation with her attaché. "The smell of poor people is so very disagreeable. It prevents one from being as kind as one might."

"But who is this Dutch revolutionary poet?" persisted Jane.

Simmans picked up the paper. "An anonymous hero," he answered, "who signs with a P. P stands for Peter or Paul."

"Probably Paul," put in Reinout. "A prince of revolutionaries, if men had but obeyed him!"

Half an hour later the Rexelaers van Altena were driving home. "A dull evening," opined Mevrouw Elizabeth. "Jane was stupid with her poem. And Reinout pushes his jokes too far."

"The salmi was good," replied the Judge.

"Do you know, mamma, I believe Reinout is in earnest?" said Antoinette.

"In earnest!" cried her mother, much flurried. "How? What do you mean? What did he say?"

Antoinette shrieked with laughter. "In earnest, I mean, as regards the poor," she said as soon as she could speak.

"He knows nothing about the poor," retorted Mevrouw, turning away from her irritating daughter.

Guy and George, walking home together, discussed their relations with far greater freedom. They both agreed that the evening would have been most insufferably dull but for the amusement of watching Margherita's "exotic vivacity."

"A flirt of forty!" remarked Guy. "I don't think Uncle Hil half likes it. The more fool he. Besides, he's got more than his share of luck already."

"Uncle Hil's not half a bad fellow," said George.

"I don't wonder you think so. I wish you'd tell me how you managed to extract all that money out of him."

"Ah, wouldn't you like to know?" said George.

"Yes, I should. Truth to tell, I don't think there was any ruse about it. You're too stupid. You just asked him, and he said 'Yes.'"

"Perhaps so," replied George. "You might try it."

Reinout was putting on his overcoat in the hall, when his father came out to him.

"My dear boy," began the Count, "I have been wanting to say a few words to you for many days past. Of course you are quite welcome to spend your nights at the Club, or wherever else you prefer to spend them. Only don't overdo it. Sometimes we see nothing of you for forty-eight consecutive hours. There! I am sure we understand each other. Exaggeration in all things is an evil. Good-night."

My Lord High Seneschal glided up to his bedroom, humming a bright little tune. Before extinguishing the light he nodded complacently to His Excellency in the glass, a mealy-faced, wiry-haired Excellency in a night-shirt. And although he had forgotten the quotation which, ten years ago, had spurred him on to scorn the lowest rung of his Jacob's Ladder, yet the thought was in his mind to-night. "So doth the greater glory dim the less." Nothing—absolutely nothing—was left him to desire. He sank into the blissful repose of an unshadowed success.

The Baron, at Deynum, laid down the "Provincial Gazette" with a smile.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

STAINS

George Rexelaer had always been Grandmamma Borck's favorite. "He was so delightfully stupid," she said; she did not add that she had retained a quondam beauty's weakness for good looks. Grandmamma Borck would have married George to Cécile—George, not Guy—could she have afforded to let Cécile marry at all. "Come and tell me everything, George," she would say. "You're too weak to stand alone."

She even helped him with a little, carefully counted, money. It was Cécile's. And she resigned herself to his being "a man about town," in these days when the turnstile of "examination" guards the old paths of honor and glory. "There are other heiresses," she said, "besides Cécile."

But the heiresses held aloof—honest Dutch maidens—God bless them! any one of them is worth six of the men. Once, indeed, the old woman succeeded in concocting an engagement, but in a month it was broken off. "I could marry a beautiful statue," said the damsel, frankly, "for a statue would not open its mouth now and then to say a foolish thing."

George was content not to care. Even in his salad days he had been as cool as a cucumber. "I want," he admitted, "to have a great deal of money; it's the sole thing I care for, and some day I shall manage it. I know I could get it now, if they would but let me alone." "How?" the Dowager once asked him. "In business," said stupid George. The old lady laughed herself purple.

But a couple of months later he came to her with an important face and a tiny parcel. He had a habit of conversing with every one on his slow life's journey—in trains, on steamers, in places of amusement—"for want," Jane used to tell him, "of something to say." Well, that morning he had been to Delft, in the barge, and had come across a sailor just returned from the Indies, and that sailor had proved the happy possessor of a magnificent secret which he was desirous to share, for a consideration, with somebody else. He had told George all about it,

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except, of course, the secret itself. Having strayed from his ship, it appears, on the coast of New Guinea, this man had fallen into the hands of a tribe of Papuans—the genuine Tatua-Papuas—and the Tatuas had tattooed him all over, in their own peculiar manner, and he had lived among them and done duty as a medicine-man. The tattooing of the Tatuas is, of course, ineradicable, but they paint themselves also with paints, greases, and gums, and these paintings, the sailor perceived, they could easily remove by means of a plant called Papú. In fact, each lady used to be done up fresh from time to time, said the sailor, when the spring fashions came in; his own wife had shown him the trick. He had escaped from the tribe, and had got back to Europe, bringing the secret away with him, though not the wife, and here that secret was. He had extracted a dirty green lump from his pocket and shown it to George. "Warranted," he said, "to remove all stains, spots, blots, and blemishes on the human complexion or any other soft material, silks, velvets, woolens, genuine kids, etc., etc. Will not clean pots and pans. Willing to dispose of it for three thousand florins down, and dirt cheap."

"I like the reservation," said the Dowager, after listening to this ridiculous story. "I always think it looks so well in the advertisements. Throw away that dirty little ball, George. You know I have a horror of infection."

But foolish George had taken the matter seriously. Only three thousand florins and a fortune to be made! "I assure you, Grandma, there is something in it," he entreated. "I only wish you would let me show you—" he bent forward, uplifting the little green ball between finger and thumb. "If you only had a grease-stain somewhere about you—" said George, with scrutinizing glances. But the Baroness's glossy black silk lay serene and spotless about her meager limbs. "Nonsense!" she said, sharply. "Throw it away at once and talk about something else."

But fools rush in—exactly. "No, no, I *must* show you. It's too wonderful!" cried George. He caught up a pen from an inkstand at his grandmother's elbow, and, before she could stop him, he had dropped a small blot on the crimson plush table-cloth. The Dowager screamed with indignation. She, who considered the smallest visible blemish the greatest of sins! "Only wait till it dries, ma'am," expostulated George, "and I'll show you—" She refused to be shown. She ordered her grandson out of her presence. And he departed, leaving behind him, in his flurry, the little green ball.

The Dowager remained in her chair, gasping with indignation before the black speck on the cloth and the antidote which the criminal had left lying beside it. She sat thus a long time, in utter disgust, and watched the ink dry; then, partly from curiosity, partly from inability to endure the sight of the stain any longer, she took up the little, strong-smelling pea, in the most gingerly manner, with her skinny, slender fingers, and began slowly rubbing the spot beneath the fading light. Presently she got up to fetch a candle from her bureau, and Cécile, when she came in half an hour later, found her grandmother mopping ink all over the table-cloth.

Next morning George received an invitation to come and see his forgiving Granny. He found her in a most amiable mood, and they discussed pros and cons in a businesslike manner. "I am sure I could work it," reiterated George. But the far-seeing Dowager had doubts. "Why, you would have to spend a hundred thousand florins the first twelvemonth in advertisements alone!" she said. The great thing was to possess one's self of the secret. That done, the rest would "develop itself" by means of a company, or, still better, a syndicate. But how raise, within twenty-four hours, the preliminary three thousand? "Unfortunately," said the cautious old lady, "I have barely a penny of my own."

"Uncle Hilarius?" suggested George, very doubtfully.

"I have been thinking of that;" she sat and pondered. "That little story you told me a month ago," she said presently, "about your going to call on your aunt and running upstairs unannounced into her sitting-room. You remember, eh?"

"Of course I remember, Granny," said George, with downcast eyes.

"I told you to lay it by and speak to nobody about it. Put it in the bank, so to say. Perhaps the time has come to take it out. But, mind you, only in case of extremest necessity, for of course it will cause unpleasantness. So use all your other arguments first. You understand? And now go and speak to your uncle."

"No, I don't quite understand," said George.

"Dear, dear, how stupid you are! I feel convinced you will die a Crœsus. Well, I must tell you more plainly." And she did.

When Count Rexelaer had listened to his nephew for fifteen seconds, he said: "No, he never lent anybody anything; it was against his principles. He only gave." Even George was not simple enough to suggest: "Then give." But he pushed his appeal nearly five minutes longer, till the Count said "No" again, so exceedingly irritably and with such ungracious additions that George felt the moment was come to expose this particular nephew's discreet claims to more consideration. "I think you owe me a good turn, Uncle Hil," he began, as his grandmother had instructed him, "if only because—" And then the unhappy Comptroller of another and a more august household than his own found himself treated to that little story which had so much diverted the Dowager five weeks ago. How Nephew George had come to the house to call on Aunt Margherita, and how he had run up unannounced to the back drawing-room, and how—

When the enterprise was launched, in due time, it "took" almost immediately. The money had been found by a couple of wealthy contractors, of the name of Kops, Abraham and Benjamin, who had become partners in the business of which George and one of the young Kopses were managing directors. "Papuum! Papuum!" (as the new product was called) spread all over the country, with a placard exhibiting a bright-colored Tatua-Papua washing the paint off one side of his face. They first advertised "Will not clean Metals!" again and again; nothing else. That was an idea of the Dowager's, who entered into the fun of the thing, and was responsible for two-thirds of her grandson's success. "Papuum! Papuum! Will not clean Metals!" Everybody wanted to find out what it *would* clean. There was a young lady at the offices, always in attendance, most willing to show you. You might spill whatever you wished to—in reason—on herself or her white satin dress. George was going to be an extremely wealthy man. He was as good as engaged to the daughter and heiress of Benjamin Kops (no Jewish blood traceable), whose empty little heart went bumping up and down at the idea of a handsome husband and a coronet. And it must be confessed he worked hard at the business. The delight of watching money breed seemed to have sharpened all his faculties. He sent round to every house in the Hague a pea of the wonderful mixture with accompanying verses (which, bad as they were, he had *not* composed). The wooden seats in the public gardens, and all the tram-car cushions everywhere, were renovated—once—with Papuum. A cake of it was given away to any orphan child that could prove its parent's demise to have preceded "the greatest discovery of the age." Thrice over an attempt was made to import genuine Tatuas to parade the streets, and sit in the offices; they all died on the voyage, but even that was an advertisement. The chief difficulty consisted in breeding the plant fast enough in enormous conservatories. The supply gave out once, and that was by far the best advertisement of all. There was a perfect battery at the doors, and a clamor for Papuum!

And the noble, the illustrious Rexelaers, they were petrified by this disgrace to their immaculate name? They were, till they found that this Papuum produced not thousands but tens of thousands of florins, and then even Margherita remembered that the money, unlike its producer, "did not smell." Besides, nowadays, there are but a couple of countries remaining in Europe—Austria, for instance—where it is still possible to associate any

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earning of money with disgrace. Holland is not one of them. In the twentieth century there will be none at all.

The Rexelaers of Altena, the brother and sisters, chaffed George a little at first. They were always finding specks on his clothes and crying out for "Papoosel!" Once Topsy even dabbed him with paint from her color-box; but he soon frightened them, by his rages, into letting him alone. He permitted no allusion, out of business hours, to his business side. This rule the old lady had especially impressed upon him. He went out into society just the same, but only after four, and in the office he wore coronets on his cuff-studs. Many people compared him most favorably with his elder brother, Guy. But he could not prevent the roar of laughter which went up on all sides when he accidentally sat down on a freshly painted seat in the German Minister's garden.

His father and mother were even pleased to sanction his engagement to Miss Kops. Of course she must be considered "faute de mieux," but the match would consolidate the business. Unfortunately, the Kopses happened to be—of all things!—Roman Catholics. Mevrouw Elizabeth hesitated.

"They could not possibly be anything better," said her mother, whom she consulted. "It looks less Jewish than anything else. The girl's name, I hear, is Maria Christina, a very judicious selection. I should at once make a rule that she be known as Christina. You can say that there are Maries in the family already."

"But there are not, mamma?" remarked Mevrouw van Rexelaer.

"How tiresome you can be, Elizabeth," said the Dowager, peevishly, "and so rude!"

[To be continued]

The Spectator

The Spectator has just come across a little biographical sketch of Lieutenant-Colonel Richard C. Anderson, an aid on the staff of Lafayette in the Revolutionary War, and the father of General Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter. When Lafayette visited America in 1825, he was met in Louisville by his old aid, Colonel Anderson. Both were old men now, and each was shocked at the ravages time had made in the other. After embracing his old brother-in-arms, Lafayette said with enthusiasm, and in evident imitation of some one else: "Tell him I'll jine him! Tell him I'll jine him! Tell him I'll jine him to-morrow!" This strange quotation needed some explanation, and proved to be the message that "Mad" Anthony Wayne sent, through Colonel Anderson, when Lafayette had ordered that hot-headed Pennsylvanian to join him when the command of the young Frenchman was confronted in Virginia by Cornwallis. Wayne had at first refused to obey the orders of "a mere boy, and a foreigner," and sent this message after Colonel Anderson had said he despaired of the success of the Continental Army, because jealousy was usurping the place of patriotism in some of the ablest generals. Josiah Quincy, of the class of 1821 in Harvard College, used to tell good stories of this visit of Lafayette to America; and in his charming book, "Figures of the Past," the Spectator has just come across an anecdote of Larz Anderson, one of the sons of Lafayette's old aid. Quincy says that at a turkey-shooting in Oxford Street, Cambridge, the rifle was given to a small tow-headed lad in exchange for the sixpence that was charged for a shot. The lad fired, and the turkey fell. This, Quincy says, was so unusual an occurrence that the man holding the "shoot" said: "Try it again, young one: 'most any one can throw sixes once, you know." Another bird was procured; the ball flew to the mark with the same result. The master of fowls was astonished. "Well, where in thunder did you come from?" he exclaimed, when he found his occupation gone. "I came from the State of Kentucky, sir," answered Larz Anderson, proudly; "and next time you meet a gentleman from that State, just remember there is not much you can tell him about a rifle. That's all."

❀

An old hat is almost as dear to a lover of comfort as an old friend. If it were not that all hats have a way of getting old, an old hat would be invaluable. The Spectator recently lost his oldest old hat for a few days, and he could speak, if he did not restrain himself, with much feeling on the subject. In a moment of absent-mindedness the Spectator wore his old hat to town. One of the first persons he met was a candid friend, who remarked the shabbiness of the Spectator's head-covering. Not wishing to appear conspicuous, he bought a new hat, and directed that the old friend be sent home. At home for several days nothing was seen of the old hat. Then the hatter was written to. He produced the receipt. The old hat had been delivered, but could not at first be found. A very careful search being made, the hat was found under a bed; and as the whole household had been disturbed to find it, it has since been spoken of time and again with disrespect that almost amounts to scorn. Its shapelessness, its many colors, its drooping brim, its raveled edge—all have been remarked, all have been commented on. But it is a dear old hat, and has better manners than any other. It is from storm a shelter and from heat a shade. What else does a man want in a hat? The Spectator wants nothing more, but he recognizes the fact that there are very many other men in the world who hold different views. The Spectator remembers to have heard a friend say that he was not rich enough to wear a poor hat. This presupposed the idea that men are to a great extent judged by the hats that they wear. This is, no doubt, sometimes so. Fifteen years ago a railroad president, rather eccentric in his dress, came to New York to sell an issue of mortgage bonds. His hat was of the sombrero kind, and one side was pinned up with a gold star. A lawyer negotiated the sale of the bonds, and charged a very stiff fee. A friend asked if the fee were not very large. "Yes," said the lawyer; "I stuck on $10,000 on account of the President's hat." But that was not an old hat. Had the hat had a drooping brim and been sad of color, like the one the Spectator's family makes merry over, then probably the lawyer would have knocked off ten thousand dollars out of pity for a man with so forlorn a head-covering; or, maybe, he would have had his doubts of the railway president's scheme and have refused to do the business at all.

❀

"Do you want the sparrowgrass for salad?" This was an inquiry made a while ago by the Spectator's cook. The Spectator said that he did, without smiling at the quaint pronunciation of asparagus, for he remembered that that was once the universal pronunciation, just as violet was called vilet in the olden time, and lilacs laylocks. In the early spring the Spectator saw a man selling lilacs on the street and calling out, "Here's your sweet bunch of laylocks." "What did you say those flowers were?" the Spectator asked. "Some calls 'em lylocks," the man responded, "but the right name is laylocks." The schoolmaster has been abroad so long and so generally that these old pronunciations, which came directly from England, and which linger there to a greater extent than in America, are not often heard from the younger generation; but the Spectator remembers the dear old Virginia lady who taught him his a b c's, and how she pronounced all of them in the old fashion. She said cheer for chair, stair for star, and invariably spoke of her garden, with its boxwood borders, its flaming hollyhocks and bushes of fragrant calycanthus, as her *guardin*.

❀

"It would be a good speculation to buy him at his real value and sell him for what he thinks he is worth," the Spectator recently heard one man say to another on the elevated railway. Every one hears this or a similar remark now and again, and the trite saying would not have made any impression on the Spectator had he not within five minutes come across among Goethe's maxims and reflections this declaration: "If a man is to achieve all that is asked of him, he must take himself for more than he is; and, as long as he does not carry it to an absurd length, we willingly put up with it." Did the person who promised to be so profitable a speculation carry his valuation of himself "to an absurd length," or was his critic merely censorious without being philosophical? The Spectator will probably never know. However, in another place, Goethe remarks: "It is a great error to take one's self for more than one is, or for less than one is worth."

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The Home

Life's Foundation

The foundation of life is truth. Truth is the foundation of home life, business life, church life, society. Without it there is no stability, because there is no confidence. Even careless thinkers admit this; and the one who least regards it in practice, sometimes in his innermost soul values it most. While the value of truth as a basis of living is acknowledged, too frequently mothers are the ones who first introduce a child to falsehood. The other day a little child was brought into a kindergarten for the first time. She absolutely refused to remain without her mother, a woman of wealth, and one who might have commanded leisure had she wished, but who preferred filling her time with charitable and social engagements. The timid little girl held her mother a prisoner the entire morning. The second morning the child was a little more accustomed to her surroundings, and did not cling so tightly to her mother's dress. The mother took advantage of this, and said: "If you let me go out for a little while, I will come back and bring you a box of candy." "No, you won't," said the little girl, looking in her mother's face with perfect fearlessness; "I know you won't." "Oh, yes, I will," responded the young mother; "if you just let me go for a little while, I will come back with a box of candy for you." The child consented, but her expression made it very plain to the teachers in charge that she had very little confidence that her mother would keep that engagement. She sat by and watched her little companions, and after a time joined in the games and work. When her nurse came for her, she was overheard to say: "Mamma said she would come back and bring me a box of candy, but I know'd she wouldn't." And the nurse gave no evidence of surprise. The mother appeared the next day apparently with not the slightest recollection of the stain which she had put upon her own character the day before. How can that child have any regard for truth, when the being whom she loves most on earth cares so little for it?

The Ministry of the Mother

By Jeannette T. Mabie

To attempt to define wherein the mother's ministry should consist is to tread on holy ground; and as the most vital truths are often taught us by our errors, it is through mistakes and failures that mothers learn to see clearly the ideal to be attained. Of all the forms of woman's ministry by which lives are strengthened and inspired, the mother's is most divine, because it is the only one which is in any sense creative. Standing at the gate of life, she receives the precious gift, and her work for it begins while it is still part of her own being. By the pre-natal influences with which she surrounds it, and by the strength and purity of her own spiritual life, she modifies the character of her child, and determines whether it shall be strong to meet the experiences of life or handicapped by the limitations of an inharmonious temperament. If the mother's ministry is to approach its true completeness after conscious life begins, it must be entered upon, as was Mary's, from the moment when the heavenly message comes. As "the handmaid of the Lord," she must work with Him to realize His will for the child to be intrusted to her. If we can think of our children, not as ours to be forced and molded according to our pleasure, but as God's, sent to fulfill their own richest possibilities, we shall be less likely to mar His purposes by our blind interference.

A child comes into our arms full of unknown and beautiful capacities. It should be nourished and watched as a gardener would care for a rare new plant, supplying to the best of his intelligence the right conditions for development, and waiting to see what the growth and flowering will be. Taking his method as a type of that which the wise mother will adopt toward her child, we shall see that freedom to expand according to the law of its being, conditions which will stimulate a strong and vigorous growth, and sunshine, which in the child-life means love, are the things to be supplied. If the first is to be insured, there must be recognition of the child's right to its own individuality, and a continual effort to remove all obstacles to its natural growth. Constant repression in the natural forms of expression, and lack of interest in the little things which to a child seem so important, result, if long continued, in blight and discouragement. The new life sends out tender shoots, which, if trained and guarded, will make of it "a thing of beauty." If space and freedom are denied, the natural development is checked, and, if the child is sensitive or timid, permanent injury is done.

Every opportunity and every influence which strengthens the better part of a nature is, at the same time, crowding out and killing the lower part. Every fault has its corresponding virtue, and it is the mother's part to address herself to the good which she can commend rather than the failing which she must correct. If a child is selfish, better results will follow from suggesting and encouraging generous actions, rejoicing with it at every victory over self, than by calling attention continually to the unlovely strain in its nature.

But all that the most conscientious mother can do will fail to achieve the best results if she does not surround her child with the perpetual sunshine of a loving atmosphere. Without this, the life, however rich in opportunities, must be filled with a sense of loss and loneliness. With it, all losses and deprivations can be endured. In the warmth which love supplies, the child-life expands spontaneously and happily, and is made strong by its influence to rightly meet the demands which maturity will make upon it. The mother who illustrates God's law of love in her own life, and rules her home by it, has given her children the highest and best conditions for a true development, even though her work for them is done under many limitations.

The character and helpfulness of the mother's ministry will depend more upon the strength and sweetness of her own personality than upon the special method she may follow. It is through the inspiration which comes to us from other lives that we unfold our best selves, rather than by rule and precept. The truest ministry is that of a life which, by its clear and steady light, shows us the way and fills us with an ardent desire to follow it. There must be harmony between what a mother is and what she teaches if her children are to be strongly influenced by her.

The fact that she cannot give more than she herself possesses will make a true mother anxious to grow continually, that she may be equal to the increasing demands made upon her. Her unselfishness and devotion, which prompt her to give up her whole life to those she loves, must be restrained, or she will have spent herself at the beginning of her work. Her life must be kept in touch with outside interests, and some portion of her time given to self-improvement, if she would not have her children emerge from the nursery to find that the mother who has been their guide thus far must be left behind as they enter the larger life.

The best education is that which not only helps the child to reach its highest individual development, but also trains it to minister in its turn to others. Obedience and self-control are the fundamental lessons which must be learned before the child passes beyond the narrow circle of the home life. The beauty of service and helpfulness to others will be best understood by those to whom as children they were taught by the practical lessons of daily life. It is specially important that the mother who must take the entire care of her children should demand some corresponding service from them, or she will find, to her sorrow, as the years go on, that her loving care is accepted as a matter of

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course. "Not only to minister, but to be ministered unto," should be the reading of the text for hosts of unselfish women.

There are many parables from nature which will teach us helpful lessons if our minds are open to receive them. A chrysalis which had been kept in a warm room gave up its new life one early spring day. We were responsible for its untimely awakening, for, by the conditions we had made for it, it had developed before the outside world was ready to receive it. The beautiful insect, with its wings all crumpled and folded, was helpless for a time, but gradually tried to expand them by short flights. It was too cold outside to set it free, and the lamp toward which it was attracted was an equal source of danger. To save it from the flame, it was shut into a box for the night. Our well-meant endeavor to shield it proved its destruction, however, for in those hours of confinement the wings stiffened; not spreading, as they should, but hanging in useless folds. The time for development had come and gone under such conditions that it was lost, and the life which should have been spent in airy flights must be forever blighted. Let us look to it, when a soul is brought into the world through our instrumentality, that we do not impose upon it such conditions that it can never reach its true and happy development, but, like the butterfly which is its emblem, find itself shut in from the light until it has lost the power to reach it.

Hints on Banking

A reader has sent us the following selection of quotations from "Hints on Banking:"

Many women do not understand the details of banking, and to them everything connected with financial transactions seems to be enveloped in mystery.

There is nothing mysterious about a bank.

Do not feel hurt if a number of questions are asked you.

Do not be disappointed if, when you visit the bank a second time, the officers and clerks do not seem to recognize you.

Do not get out of patience if there are two or three ahead of you in line.

Do not destroy certified checks.

Probably there could not be a clearer object-lesson placed before women as to their total lack of training in business methods. The fact that a large banking house felt compelled to issue a pamphlet for the instruction of its women depositors is enough in itself to call the attention of the mass of women to their lack of training. That the instructions should be so elementary is but further proof of the necessity of the possession of the knowledge of business methods by women. Is not the secret of their ignorance expressed by one of Charles Egbert Craddock's heroines when she says, "I 'ain't got no call ter know nothin' 'bout the law, bein' a woman an' naterally ignorant"? It is not the fact that the woman cannot learn, but that so many women are never called upon to exercise any practical knowledge in the business world, that is responsible for the ignorance of the sex as a whole. A woman, unless forced into the business world or of exceptional mental activity, lives a life as remote from the world of finance as her children, and men thoughtlessly permit the women of their household to remain in ignorance on this most important question, who would blush if in conversation these same women should reveal ignorance in even the use of technical terms in discussing art, or misplace an accent in pronunciation. If there was a law of life which would insure these women a trained financial protector for their lifetime, there would be a certain justification for the method pursued; but, alas! too often they are left the easy victims of sharp methods plus their own ignorance. Alas for the ivy when the support is struck by lightning!

No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will.—*James Russell Lowell.*

Responsibility of the Citizen

Certain accounts of epidemics in country towns and villages, traced to impure water supply and carelessness in cases of contagious diseases, force us again to call attention to the responsibility of every intelligent individual for the condition of the public health in the community of which he is a member. Diphtheria is epidemic in a town in central New York. In the town is a paper-mill. This mill received a large shipment of rags which were so stored as to be of easy access to a number of children living in the neighborhood of the mill, and the outbreak of diphtheria is traced to this source. This is the second outbreak of diphtheria in this town in three years, and the same cause is given by the medical authorities for both: contaminated rags. Ordinary intelligence demands that the owners of that mill, of every mill using rags, should subject them, as soon as delivered, to fumigation. A room or building should be set apart for this purpose, and the local board of health should see to it that no rags are put in storage in the town until they have been disinfected.

Medical science is always on the alert: that is only stating that it is a science. The New York Health Board has been investigating the possibility of contagion from membranous croup, and this is the report:

During the last four months bacteriological examinations have been made in thirty-six cases of membranous croup. In all of these the membrane was either confined entirely to the larynx or, at most, only slight deposits existed in the throat, while there was very extensive exudation in the larynx. In thirty of the cases the Loeffler bacillus of diphtheria was abundantly present. These cases, therefore, were really cases of laryngeal diphtheria. In six cases no Loeffler bacilli were found; these were, therefore, cases of catarrhal pseudo-diphtheritic inflammation of the larynx, and are to be considered analogous to similar pseudo-membranous inflammations (non-diphtheritic) in the pharynx.

In five of the laryngeal cases in which the Loeffler bacillus was found, cases of pharyngeal diphtheria both preceded and followed within a week in the immediate vicinity. In three other instances the cases of croup were preceded by cases of true diphtheria, and in seven instances were followed by cases of true diphtheria.

In the remaining fifteen cases of membranous croup, pharyngeal diphtheria neither preceded nor followed in the immediate vicinity. None of the six cases of croup in which no Loeffler bacilli were found were followed or preceded by cases of diphtheria.

During the last four months, therefore, nearly eighty-four per cent. of the cases of so-called membranous croup referred to this department for bacteriological examination have proved to be diphtheria.

Every rational householder, whether he is convinced of the truth of this decision or not, will take the precaution of isolation during illness, and of a private funeral in case of death. To doubt in this case may mean to invite death.

A noted scientist of Europe says that the spread of consumption is due to carelessness; that if the rooms, clothing, and vessels used by consumptives were properly disinfected, there would be a marked decrease in deaths from that disease. The United States should have a good health record; it had, in 1880, one physician to every six hundred inhabitants; in England the census gives one to every one thousand; in France, one to every two thousand.

It is not the medical profession that must bear the blame for the spread of contagious diseases, but the selfishness, the thoughtlessness, and the ignorance of the people. There are people who seem to resent it as a personal affront for a physician to insist on isolation of the family during contagious disease in the house, and only under compulsion will they fumigate.

Who would imagine that toads should ever be articles of commerce—items in a bill of lading! Yet such is the fact. Recently there were delivered at Hawaii eighty toads that had been ordered from California. These toads were introduced into a garden and groves on the Makiki slope to destroy the insect pests.

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A Chapter on Candy-Making

By Katherine Armstrong

There is no more pleasurable way of passing the time when one is compelled to spend a day at home—in cold weather, especially—than in candy-making. It is as interesting as are the various departments of fancy cookery to the young, and, for that matter, to older heads—to "children of a larger growth"—as well.

Most of the sweets we see in the confectioners' windows can be very nicely made in one's own kitchen, with fair conveniences, and it is quite "the thing" now to send a box of "our own make" of candies around to our friends. A sweet little custom, indeed, and the dainties do have a nicer relish, a little more delightful taste, if they are the product of one's own effort and skill.

As in cookery, so in the making of confections, only the very best materials should be used if we look for complete success. Generally, but not always, confectioners' sugar is preferable.

Some candies have an attractive name to make them sell, and as they have the merit of good, satisfactory taste, it is not of much consequence what they are made of, so the materials are pure and wholesome—as wholesome as sweets can be.

By the way, the time has gone by when these things were considered altogether harmful. They are adapted to many wants of the system, and are seldom as thoroughly "unhealthy" as they used to be generally considered. They are quite suitable in their tendencies and their effects to thin people, but stout people should not eat much of sweets of any sort, unless they wish to increase their avoirdupois.

Marshmallows are considered a favorite candy, especially with the young, and the process of making them is both amusing and interesting. Yet marshmallows really contain no marshmallows at all, but pure, harmless gum-arabic is used instead. This I had at first hand from one of the largest manufacturers in the country.

The following rule is perfectly reliable: Dissolve half a pound of clear, white gum-arabic in one pint of water; strain, add half a pound of refined sugar, place over the fire, and stir constantly until the sugar is all dissolved and the mixture has become like honey. Then add the whites of four eggs previously beaten, keep stirring the mixture till it becomes thin and does not adhere to the finger, flavor with rose or vanilla, and pour into a pan dusted with powdered starch, and when cool divide into squares.

Of caramels there are no end, but some are better than others. It is not as much labor to make them as it seems, and we give our best rule: One pint bowl of Baker's grated chocolate, two bowls of yellow sugar, one bowl of New Orleans molasses, one-half a cup of milk, a piece of butter the size of a small egg, and vanilla flavor. Simmer about twenty-five minutes; it should not be as brittle as molasses candy. Pour into buttered tins, and, when partly cold, mark in squares quite deep with a knife. The ingredients should all be mixed and thoroughly beaten together before being put over the fire, and then continually stirred till done. These are called "Boston caramels," and can hardly be excelled.

Now, peppermints. Every family that has a grandmother in it should have peppermints, for long after marshmallows and caramels have lost their charms the old-fashioned peppermints will find a welcome, for they are, it is said, like wine, "good for the stomach's sake." They are simple and harmless, if they do not possess the all-curing powers that quite old people often come to believe they do. Melt the sugar with just water enough to moisten it, dissolve it well, and boil over a quick fire. Add fifteen drops of essence of peppermint, and stir, boiling briskly, for fifteen minutes, and then drop on a plate to cool.

Cream candy is one of the most delicate, both to sight and taste. Boil one pound of white sugar, with one cup of cold water, in a saucepan, with one tablespoonful of vinegar, for twenty minutes, or till brittle. Do not stir while boiling. Stir in one spoonful of lemon or vanilla flavor, and pour on buttered plates to cool. When nearly cold, pull it with buttered hands till crisp and white, and make into shape.

Cocoanut Candy.—One pint of sugar, one cup of water, one spoonful of vinegar. Boil till crisp, and then stir in as much desiccated cocoanut as desired.

Butterscotch.—This is the favorite of the school-boy with perhaps but a penny to spend. How the sweet bit seems to delight the little fellow as he trudges along to school smacking his lips!—an every-day scene. This is the way to make it: Boil together for half an hour one cup of molasses, two cups of sugar, three spoonfuls of butter, one heaping teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla flavoring. Stir constantly and pour on plates to cool. The flavoring should be added last.

Raspberry Drops.—Make a thick syrup of loaf sugar and a little water, boil until ready to candy, and then add equal measure of pure raspberry-juice. Beat together well, boil one minute, drop on plates in drops, and dry in a warm place.

Lemon Drops.—Pour clear lemon-juice on finely powdered loaf sugar and boil to the consistency of thick syrup, then drop on plates to dry. Some think a little rose-water added is an improvement.

Every one who likes candy at all favors nut candies in variety. Boil two pounds of brown sugar, half a pint of water, and one gill of molasses till the mixture hardens when a little is dropped in cold water. Then add the meats of nuts removed from the shells in as large pieces as possible. Spread the nuts on plates and pour the candy over them to cool. English walnuts, hickory nuts, and peanuts are most often used.

Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy.—Simmer together over the fire one quart of good molasses and butter the size of an egg till it will harden on being dropped into cold water. When nearly done, add a heaping teaspoonful of soda and plenty of wintergreen flavor, and pull while hot.

Ice-cream candy is quickly made and delicate, but icy only in name. Boil, till it ropes, three pints of sugar, three-quarters of a pint of water, one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar. When ready to pour out, stir in any flavor desired.

Candied Violets.—The double sweet ones only should be used. Make a rich, thick syrup of confectioners' sugar, and when just done throw in the flowers lightly and drain on a sieve. They should be slowly dried in a cool oven. The flavor is sufficiently delicate to suit the most exacting taste.

Wasted Space

We referred recently to the worthlessness of the portraits presented by the daily press. The news items are about as accurate. This past week, among the names appearing in the list of those present at a fashionable wedding were six the bearers of which were abroad. The dresses worn by two of the invited guests were described; both of the supposed wearers were ill, too ill to leave their homes.

A short time ago an out-of-town ball was described at great length as compared with the space usually given to society news. Ten of the ladies who figured in this description, even to the extent of special news as to their individual successes, were, in fact, guests that evening at a large dinner given in a New York hotel. This is evidence of the extent of the value, from the news standpoint, of society items.

"Life" says, in reprinting a list of names that, to use a technical term, seem to be "kept standing" in the types of certain journals, that these persons "were present somewhere, it is not important where," and then comments:

> It is of no importance where they were. The really important item is that their names were mentioned as having been somewhere. Many of these persons are, to "Life's" knowledge, of the highest respectability, and it is only fair that they should know how tired the reading public has become of seeing these same old friends so everlastingly in print. For days and weeks and years have these familiar names confronted the patient

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reader when he opens his daily paper. It reflects no special glory upon the names to have the public told that their owners were here or there. For the public, even if it cared where they spent the evening, would take it for granted the occasion was reputable.

It is a form of advertising too easily acquired to command respect. "Life" hazards the opinion that intelligent members of the community are not impressed by it.

Doubtless in some cases this daily advertising is very disagreeable, and the victims would gladly be released from daily comment by the press. That many aim to figure in these society items is also true, because one of the New York dailies keeps a note standing at the head of its society column as to the latest hour at which such items may be sent if "the correspondents" wish to figure in certain issues.

There is a universal complaint against the size of newspapers; and most people believe that tremendous success awaits the newspaper that will confine its news columns to news—foreign, domestic, municipal—and omit all personal items, whether bearing on murder, suicide, balls, or dinners. That newspapers could be reduced in bulk and raised in value to the readers is doubtless true. But surely no space is so evidently wasted as that given over to lists of names of persons supposed to have attended social functions, descriptions of which add neither to the knowledge nor the happiness of the individual or the nation.

A Lesson in Manners

It was a bright, sunny, golden October day, when a party of friends started out for a long walk. In a wood back of the house of a friend of one of the walking party were discovered a little boy and a girl, a brother and sister, the little girl about four years old, pretty as a picture and attractive as a little wood-nymph. She had been hunting chestnuts with her little brother, and nurse sat not far off, and a magnificent Saint Bernard, who barked a warning the moment the group of friends stepped near the children, was also on guard. Each member of the party shook hands with the little girl and spoke to her. The little boy, some two years older, stood in the background enjoying the attention bestowed upon his little sister, who called herself "Queen of Brothers." The little man looked into the faces of each one with his big, soft brown eyes, and then, walking up to one he knew best, he stretched out his little hand and said, "Good-afternoon!" Every member of that group was mortified; all had been rude, and the sweet, gentlemanly little fellow had taught the lesson by his own innate spirit of good-fellowship. He did not resent the attention paid his sister, but enjoyed the favors bestowed upon her, but he "wanted to be friends." How often are children hurt through just such thoughtlessness! The pretty one, or the most attractive one, for some reason receives all the attention, utterly ignoring the timid or the shy one, whose little heart may be aching for the crumbs that fall from the banquet of affection spread before it. Certainly every member of that group learned a lesson in good manners from that gentlemanly little boy.

From the Day's Mail

We frequently are asked to give the address of some place where dressmaking is taught. There is a fine class at the Woman's Exchange, 329 Fifth Avenue, New York. The Exchange also offers other educational advantages.

Can you suggest any good game or other way for entertaining a party of forty or more adults for an evening? It is difficult to think of a game to interest so many people. K. W.

An Observation Party will afford amusement to a large company. It is a test of the five senses. For testing the sight the players should pass quickly, and but once, a table on which a given number of objects have been placed, and then write down the names of the articles recognized while passing. Hearing must be tested without sight. Taste, touch, and smell may be tested blindfolded or not according to the character of the test. Some of our readers would doubtless be able to make suggestions for other games.

The following has been sent by a reader as an instance of a child's faith:

A little son of a Massachusetts rector not a thousand miles from Boston was being put to bed one night by his loving mamma, when he put into his childish prayers the request for "a pleasant day to-morrow." After his mamma had left him, a friend appeared to get *her* good-night kiss, when he said: "Miss Helen, I've asked the dear Lord to make it pleasant to-morrow, and mamma's going to ask him too, and, *as she knows him pretty well*, I think he'll do it for her!"

The child's heart was gladdened (not to say the mother's also) by the fine weather on the "to-morrow."

We should like to know the opinion of our readers on this method of teaching a child faith. What would the mother of the child have said if the next day had been stormy? A mother who had a number of little daughters taught them to pray for a brother, and told them a little brother was coming to them from God. The baby was a girl! Certainly the faith of those little sisters in prayer must have been shaken; they have not yet ceased questioning their mother as to why a sister came when she said God was sending a brother. It is no trifling matter to destroy faith either in the seen or the unseen.

An Old Subscriber.—It is not good form to sign yourself "Mrs." at any time. Sign your own name, and at the left lower corner, in brackets, "Address Mrs. John Smith." Initials are never good form, because so vague. Put in brackets preceding the signature "Miss" or "Mrs." when the communication is with an unknown person and on business only.

In your issue of November 11 there is an article on "The Art of Extra-Illustrating," which is of interest to very many, especially to those who have a camera. I wish to offer a suggestion in reference to mounting the pictures. Not every one will find it easy to make a nice job of pasting engravings or photographs on a page of ordinary paper. I have found a method by which a photograph or engraving can be mounted on the thinnest paper without curling or wrinkling. If the picture is a photograph, it should be ironed out smooth with a hot iron, and then trimmed. Mix a little gum-arabic in hot water, so as to make a rather thick mucilage. Place the picture on the page in position, and mark the page *just inside* the corners. Remove the picture and take some of the mucilage on a ruling pen and draw a heavy line of mucilage from one point to another, so as to make a line of mucilage all around the place where the picture is to be. As soon as the mucilage is sticky, put the picture in place, and a book over it to keep it flat. When dry, you will have a smooth mount that will not curl.

J. F. M.

Sculpture in Snow

By Anna Cronhjelm Wallberg

One cold winter day a few years ago, the people of Stockholm were surprised at seeing a high fence raised in one of the public parks, behind which was to be seen a figure in snow. The news soon spread that this figure was the work from a sculptor's master-hand, who invited the people to come and look at it for a voluntary entrance fee, which was devoted to charity. Thousands of people came. There stood the form of a majestic female figure, molded in white, blinding snow, her features beaming with love and kindness. This figure represented "Charity," and around her stood smaller figures in snow of little children with thin faces and worn garments, receiving gifts from her hands.

The thought of the noble sculptor, Charles John Dyfver-

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man, caused many a tear to drop down the beholders' faces.

But spring came, and with it Charity disappeared like many other things. She had, however, served a good purpose by bringing in 16,000 crowns, or $4,000. This made Dyfverman's name known, and the next winter his willing hand was ready to model another snow group. The subject was taken this time from the Polar region—"A Fight between a Walrus and a Polar Bear." But this group, after having brought thousands of crowns, also succumbed under the rays of the mighty sun.

In 1890 Dyfverman modeled two other groups, one called "The Wreck," with some men taking refuge on a piece of floating ice. The agonized expression of the wrecked men, the shivering little dog trying to find warmth underneath the torn sail, was all extremely realistic and well portrayed. The other group was "The Mountain-Taken Maiden," which had reference to the belief of the old Scandinavians in the existence of beings living in the mountains. The mountain kings were thought to be cunning and cruel, enticing human beings into their abodes.

In 1891 Dyfverman made three groups, which were placed in different cities in Sweden. One subject was "The Snow-Queen," from one of Andersen's famous fairy tales; another was "David and Goliath;" and the third represented "The Unfortunate of the Land," or the Epileptic.

The following year Dyfverman was again planning to make groups that should help to relieve poverty, when his life was cut short by the influenza, which robbed Sweden of so many men and women. While busy on a night when the frost was not as hard as usual, when he, with the aid of a bucket of water, could mold the plastic snow, he took a cold which settled on his lungs, and which finished his life within a few days—the 17th of January, 1892—when only in his forty-eighth year.

It was these snow-groups that especially attracted attention to Dyfverman's genius. He had, however, already made himself a name among Swedish sculptors, having aided Professor Kjellberg in the modeling of his famous statue of Linnæus. But his noble, self-sacrificing heart has endeared him to the Swedish people, and especially to the poor and suffering, for whom he did so much, and who will never forget Charles Dyfverman, the great artist with the big heart.

Three Happy Children

By Gertrude H. Linnell

Two of them were in the very last place where you would have thought of looking for them—the children's ward of a large city hospital. The truth is that merry Kitty McClean would not only have been happy in any place where she was kindly treated, but would have helped to make sunshine there for all who knew her. Her red hair curled in bright little rings on her restless head; her very eyelashes curled up so tightly that you wondered if they ever could let the eyelids down over the laughing blue Irish eyes beneath them. Indeed, they seldom did till evening came, and lights were dim, and, with all the other children, Kitty went off herself to the "Land of Nod." The nurses came to think that her sunny nature was a great help to whoever was put in the bed beside hers; and there you would find my second happy child.

You would not have thought him very happy if you had seen him when he was first laid there, so thin and so white that the big freckles on his cheeks looked as if he had gone quite far away behind them. But Don (he had begun life as "John") was better now, and could sit up in bed and watch Kitty's wonderful pranks with her forlorn old doll, and laugh quite loudly at her fun; and all Kitty's loving heart went out to her little neighbor, and she never tired of trying to amuse him. One day in winter Kitty had been lying unusually still for some time, and Don was beginning to be sleepy, when suddenly she exclaimed: "It's just only four weeks and two days before Christmas!"

"What's Christmas?" said Don, drowsily.

"Why, Don Peter! don't you know about Christmas?"

"No," Don said. There were so many things Don didn't know that he was never surprised at a new one.

"Well," said Kitty, and she drew a long breath and began an exciting but rather jumbled account of Christmas-trees and evergreens, singing and sermons and stockings, candy and cards and oranges, till Don began to think it one of Kitty's delightful fairy stories.

"Do they have Christmas-trees here?" he asked.

"Not trees," said Kitty; "they're in the churches; and, oh! they have candles all lighted, an' jewels, an' icicles, an' large bags of candy, an'—"

"But here," interrupted Don; "what do they have here?"

"Well, last year," began Kitty (for she was one of the oldest inhabitants of the ward), "they put wreaths and texts on the walls, and we all hung our stockings at the foot of the bed, and in the morning we found things in them—things to eat, you know, and oranges, and playthings, and I got my doll and a picture-book, but I gave that away; and everybody that Doctor said might, had chicken and ice-cream for dinner."

"What will you have this year?" said Don.

"That's just the fun of it—nobody knows; you have to be surprised. But I know what I hope I'll get. I keep saying it over and over to myself to make it come true."

"What is it?" asked Don.

"A Noah's Ark," said Kitty.

"What's a Noah Sark?"

Kitty was so overcome by this terrible ignorance on Don's part that she sat up at once and began another ecstatic description. And such an ark and such animals! None of the miserable frauds one sees now in the shops, stuffed with straw and only a poor layer of cheap animals under the roof. Kitty's ark—the one she made Don see—was full, all of it, with the most delightful animals. The elephants all had trunks, and the giraffes deliciously long necks. The dove had the olive branch, and there were two of every kind. And as for the horses! If Kitty had a passion in life, it was for real horses, and before she came to the hospital she had often been found hugging the most convenient leg of any dray horse that stood near the sidewalk, or stretching up on tiptoe to stroke the patient head. Don knew a great deal about horses, too, and when he began to help Kitty imagine the manes and flowing tails of the wonderful steeds that were to come out of her ark, he became so excited in his turn that the nurse came and ordered a nap and no more talking for them both.

Day after day the two children lay in their little beds talking about Christmas, and the Noah's Ark that would certainly come then. Every day Kitty had thought of a new animal they would probably find under the roof, and every day Don thought of a new color for the span of horses. By this time they were quite sure there would be two Noah's Arks, one for each child; and such processions and such circuses as they would make! Indeed, Don began to grow cross because it was so long before the day would come, and more fretful about everything, even with Kitty's patient efforts to amuse him, until at last the Doctor said the poor little fellow was very ill, and must be kept perfectly quiet. Then it seemed to Kitty that a long time before Christmas came Don's little bed might be quite empty, and Don himself far away in that "Happy Land" where, the nurse said, some other tired children that she missed had gone to get well. But Don did not go away. This is a story about happy children, and I will tell you at once that he, and Kitty too, grew quite well and strong again; indeed, you may see Don any day for yourself, a tall, good-natured, freckled boy, who delivers the morning papers on the avenue. But Kitty could not foresee this, and she was really very anxious and very much relieved when, just before Christmas, Don's fever went away and he could sit up among his pillows and talk about the Noah's Ark again.

But it is quite time for me to mention my third happy child. He was the Doctor's boy, and you would find him in one of the handsomest houses on the avenue. On the very day that Don sat up for the first time, he was lying

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at full length on a soft rug, looking at the bright fire and smiling at his own thoughts, till his mother said, "What amuses you, Bert?"

"I was thinking how I used to let you write letters to Santa Claus for me when I was a little kid, and burn them in the grate, and how surprised I was to get everything I asked for. I know what I would write for now."

"You can tell me; you know your father told you we had bought our present for you already."

"Won't you tell any one?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, no one knows how much I want a big, real bicycle." His mother laughed, and then said: "I suppose we don't, Bert. But have you picked out the things you mean to send to the Hospital children? I am going there to-morrow while you are at school." Bert went to the closet where he kept his special treasures, to pick out some to give away, as he did every year with his mother's help. "What! Are you going to give away your beautiful German Noah's Ark? You have kept it so carefully and liked it so much."

"Yes'm," said Bert, a little sadly. "I heard papa telling about that little sick girl who talked about animals and horses so much, and I thought she could play with these in bed."

So it came about that when the ladies were arranging the presents for the Hospital children, and one of them exclaimed, "Look at this Noah's Ark; it is such a beauty," the nurse said, "Do give it to Kitty McClean. She has been talking about one for weeks, and she deserves it, the darling!"

Christmas morning came at last to the impatient little children in the city. Long before the very first bit of light, while the night lamp was still burning in the long ward, Kitty was wide awake, looking with eager interest at the long object at the foot of her bed. The light was very dim, yet it looked—it certainly did look—like the Ark. She reached down and felt it with trembling fingers. It was! It was! She lay down again to wait for morning, too excited to sleep, thinking of the wonderful things those animals were to do, and of how she would make Don laugh.

Don! Kitty had not noticed his present. She sat up again and tried to see what was on his bed. It was something flat and thin and large; it might be a box of soldiers, but it was more likely to be a picture-book. It looked more and more like a picture-book. Don did not care for pictures; Kitty did not care very much for them herself. She lay down again, and was so very still that the nurse who came and looked at her thought her sleeping. After some time Kitty sat up again; no one was looking. She slipped to the floor with the precious ark in her hands and laid it at the foot of Don's bed, and carried to her own the picture-book.

That was a wonderfully happy Christmas. The Doctor's boy could hardly believe his eyes when he saw in his room the very bicycle he had been wanting. There were many other presents, but that was the great and perfect delight. At the Hospital there were shouts of joy in the children's ward, and there were so many flowers and oranges and such a good dinner! The Doctor said Don must stay in bed, but he might have some of the chicken, and that Kitty might sit in the high chair by his side. The wonderful animals marched up and down over the counterpane; the horses pranced, and sometimes the lions tried to run, so that Mr. Shem had to march beside them while his wife walked with the birds, and the pig rode on the elephant's back. Kitty had had a little whispered talk with the nurse first, and she had kissed her and said: "You dear!"

In all the great city you could not have found three happier children. Dear little boy, dear little girl, which of them do you think was the happiest?

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.—*Franklin.*

Grandfather's Burglars

By Katharine W. Birdsall

Did I ever tell you how the boys protected the house from burglars one night last summer? Well, if I tell you now, don't breathe a word of it to them, for they'd never forgive me for letting the joke out. The boys are my nephews, and three jollier boys than Ted, Harry, and Dick are seldom found together. They spent the summer in the family homestead up on the old farm, and managed to have an awfully good time.

Grandmother always made her own yeast, as she thought it more wholesome, and a few days before the time I speak of she had made a quantity, so as to be able to send some to the neighbors in return for something sent her. There was a lovely big cellar underneath the house, where Grandmother stored her yeast in bottles until a chance offered to dispose of it. Grandfather Gray had gone to a neighboring town to draw some money from the bank to pay off the mortgage, and he came home with an immense roll of bills in his breast-pocket, for he was a fearless old man and had no foes. The boys were much excited on his return with so much money, and Ted said he hoped burglars wouldn't break in and get it before the mortgage was paid.

Grandfather smiled. "I'm not afraid," said he; "though there was a suspicious-looking man who watched me in the bank and followed me to the wagon, telling me he hadn't had a square meal for a week."

"He knew right well where to apply," said Aunt Jo, smiling. "I suppose you gave him a share of the mortgage money, didn't you, father?"

"Oh, no," said Grandfather. "I had some change in my wallet with the bills, and gave him some of that."

"Then he must have seen the money," said Dick. "I don't believe you were careful enough, Grandpa; do you think he could have known who you were or followed you home?"

"Dear me, I hope not!" said Grandmother. "I commence to feel a little squeamish myself, Grandfather; I wish you had waited until to-morrow and paid the money right out."

"To-day's Friday, and said to be unlucky," put in Ted.

"Tut, tut! I see you are all suspicious cowards," replied Grandfather, laughing. "Here we have three men to defend us, even if the house were broken into!"

"You can rely on us," said Harry, standing up straight and looking very important. "I'll tell you what, Grandpa, we boys'll sleep downstairs in the sitting-room, and if burglars come we'll rouse the house and catch 'em."

Since the boys were so determined to be of use, they finally were given permission to sleep in the sitting-room, which they did, all dressed, one on the lounge, and two, with cushions, on the floor; and when Grandfather put the lights out, the only sounds to be heard were three very distinct snores. Then he went to bed himself, and for a while perfect silence reigned.

It must have been twelve o'clock when thump! came a noise in the sitting-room. No one stirred. A few minutes passed when thump, thump! came the noise again. This time three boys were on their feet in an instant, each holding his breath for fear of making a noise.

"What's that?" whispered Harry, sleepily, rubbing his eyes.

"The burglars!" said Ted and Dick together.

"What 'll we do with 'em when we catch 'em?" asked Ted.

"Sh-sh! You'll scare them away," replied Harry. "I haven't the slightest idea what we can do with them; perhaps we'd better guard the doors and keep them wherever they are till morning. Where did the noise come from, anyway?"

"From the cellar," said Dick.

"Right under us," chimed in Ted. "I'll bet he's trying to get a drink of Grandfather's cider."

"That's so," agreed the others.

"Well, if they're in the cellar we've got to watch the doors," said Harry. "You stand guard at the inside door,

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Ted; Dick, watch the big window in the potato-cellar; and I'll watch the outside door. They can't possibly get out then. Take something to give 'em a knock if they show their noses, too."

So Dick took a poker, and Harry and Ted each grabbed an Indian club from the corner of the room. Then they stationed themselves at their posts, and, strange to say, remained there—awake—until morning, when Grandfather made his appearance. There he found them—such tired guards, but still jubilant at having kept awake so well.

Then the search for the burglars began; the procession headed by Grandfather with his big pistol, and the rear brought up by Grandmother and numerous scared aunts and maids, all pale as ghosts and armed to the teeth. Down the cellar stairs and on to the stone floor they went, when—thump!—came the sound again, only much closer, and all except Grandmother jumped back in alarm. She peered anxiously over Grandfather's shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Deary me! there, that's my nice yeast fermenting and blowing the corks off; who would have thought it?"

Grandfather laughed. "I see them," said he, quietly, walking over to one corner. "Come, boys—quick!"

The boys rushed to his side, and Grandfather stooped and picked up half a dozen corks which had been blown out of the yeast-bottles, and with such force that they had hit the floor above, making the thumping sound.

Such sheepish-looking boys you never saw! They went upstairs without a word, amid the laughing of all their brave followers, and ate their breakfast in total silence.

I never should have thought to tell you this tale if I hadn't come across two corks on a string, hung up as a decoration in Harry's room, yesterday, labeled "Burglars! Call the Police!!"

Valuable Accidents

Accidents have frequently led to discoveries in science and mechanics that have revolutionized certain trades, or have introduced entirely new articles of commerce. Sisal, which grows in abundance at Nassau, New Providence, was considered a weed until a few years ago, and the land on which it grew was burned over to get rid of it. It has accidentally been discovered that sisal makes a fiber equal to the best manila, of which rope is made, and now on the island of New Providence sisal is cultivated as an article of commerce, and exported to England and the United States in quantities. England has offered a bounty to the planters at Nassau to develop this industry. The Government offers a bounty of a ten-acre lot, at the nominal price of five shillings per acre, to the colored man or woman on the island (with a view to making them landowners) who cultivates sisal. At Ansonia, Conn., is a large pin factory. The waste from the made pins has been utilized to make a sidewalk. The sidewalk made from this waste is so hard that in setting a telephone pole not long since it was necessary to blow out the hole by dynamite, as the walk could not be affected by picks.

A Queer Ladder

Ladders are familiar objects to all of us, but of what possible use could a fish-ladder be to fish?—because, so to speak, they have only one leg; and how could a ladder be climbed with only one leg? Yet a fish-ladder is to be constructed at the Falls of the Willamette River, near Oregon City. This river is navigable for one hundred and fifty miles above its junction with the Columbia. About twenty-five miles from the junction of the two rivers is a fall. The people living in the river valley not only have to eat fish brought to them by rail, but they are deprived by the falls of a means of livelihood—that of catching the salmon which abound in the Columbia. The falls at Oregon City have an average height of about forty feet, but the slant of the rocks leaves pools. It is proposed to blast these pools, forming a kind of stairway from the lower to the upper river. It is thought that the salmon will reach the upper river by means of this peculiar ladder. That the fish are plentiful is shown by the fact that from one pool three hundred and fifty fish were taken. It is proposed also to stock with salmon eggs all the streams above the falls leading into the rivers.

From Ceylon

A writer in the "Westminster Gazette" tells a story to show that even the crocodiles, stupid as they look, know how to take care of themselves. It was proposed, while the writer was in Ceylon, to snare crocodiles with a net. Dozens of them had been seen swimming in a certain pool; a net was stretched across this pool, and then the hunters and their attendants undertook to drive the crocodiles towards the net, which, of course, was very strong and carefully weighted, and supported by strong ropes. The men entered the pool holding poles with which to prod the mud in the bottom, walking towards the net. The crocodiles seemed to detect the intention of the hunters, and not one was driven into the net. They had buried themselves so deep in the mud at the bottom of the pool that they could not be reached. The same writer tells of a butterfly ball in the island of Ceylon. He says:

"Once, when traveling with my sister in the north of the island, we came to a lonely station, and while breakfast was being prepared we went for a walk in the jungle. When we got about two hundred yards in, we heard a curious sound, like a soft, low, continuous whistle. It is never oversafe to go too far into a jungle, and strange sounds are apt to make you hesitate for a moment. I asked my sister to stay behind, and crawled slowly on in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and there, in an opening in the jungle, I found myself surrounded by one solid mass of brown and yellow butterflies.

"They were assembled by the hundreds and thousands over a large square, and about ten feet high from the ground. So dense was this fluttering mass of insects that you could have taken them by the armfuls had you been so minded. The sound proceeded from the movement of the innumerable wings. No doubt the jungle was their breeding-place. I have often been asked to publish this fact in a naturalist paper, but I have never yet done so."

Sunday Afternoon

The Atonement

By the Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D.[1]

Because Christ also suffered for sins once, the righteous for the unrighteous, that he might bring us to God.—1 Peter iii., 18.

Several questions have recently been brought to me concerning the Christian doctrine of atonement. One inquirer writes: "I should also like to know whether it is a part of the new theology." Certainly the fact of Christ's sufferings for the sin of the world is a part of the teaching of the New Testament, and it will remain an essential part of any theology, new or old, worthy of the name Christian. But how we are to think of Christ's sufferings in their relation to man and God is another matter, with regard to which many different views may be held. It is characteristic of the Christian Scriptures that they present under manifold phrases the supreme fact of Christ's atoning work, without committing faith to any one of the theories of the atonement which theology has thought out. All possible views of the Cross seem to be included in the comprehensive simplicity of the Gospel. I might be stopped, then, in my sermon, before I have fairly begun, by the question, Why is it not enough for us simply to cling to the Cross of Christ, and to have no particular doctrine of the atonement? It is enough simply to believe; only while believing, we cannot help thinking; and the more we think about the Christ, his ineffable person and his

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glorious work, the more confident our faith may become in the wisdom of the Godhead which we know in part. Ever since Jesus lived his transcendent life with us men, and died his sacrificial death for the world, the generations have been thinking about him and the meaning of his Cross. My friend who writes me of a course of thought which has led him away from the doctrine of atonement, writes also: "I am very much interested in learning what can be said for it." He may well be; for the supremely interesting thing in the world for us sinners is the Cross of Christ.

I wish, accordingly, this morning to preach on the Christian doctrine of the atonement; yet I have no definitions of it now to offer, either old or new. I would suggest rather a point of view from which, as it seems to me, the mind of the Church must learn next to look upon the atoning work of its Lord.

I say learn next to look upon it, for when we go back and read the history of the doctrine of the atonement, we observe that different ages have gained different points of view from which to contemplate the redeeming work of Christ, and the general temper and thought of each age have determined the particular mode of its theology.

In the earlier Christian ages the Redeemer's work was thought of in relation to the work of the devil, and the atonement was conceived, crudely, as it seems to us, but with downright earnestness, in the thought of some of the earlier fathers, as a ransom paid for sinners to the devil. Then the Latin theology put all the Christian doctrines into the setting of Roman jurisprudence. Again, a great mediæval doctor, bringing to Christ's work the Catholic idea of merit and a Germanic sense of honor and the satisfaction due to honor, wrought out a famous doctrine of the atonement, which ever since has had attraction for a large class of minds. Our own fathers put this and other Christian facts into the frame of the governmental ideas which the development of our new political institutions made dominant. Some of you are still satisfied with these ways of thinking of the necessity of Christ's suffering; but to my friend who asks me, "Where can I find the best defense of the Christian doctrine of the atonement?" I shall be obliged to answer, "It has not yet been written for you," because I perceive that the thought of the age has put him upon a point of view to which our Christian theology has not yet fully come up, at least in its published literature.

What is that point of view? This one thing I would like to accomplish in this sermon: Recognizing what the predominant way of looking at everything is coming now to be, I would indicate how our faith in Christ's person and work may yet appear all the more significant and glorious from the last summit of nineteenth-century wisdom. The first part of this task may be dismissed with a few sentences. For we all know that the point of view which the human reason now occupies is indicated by the one word evolutionary. The laws and processes of evolution may indeed be stated very differently, and much that has been assumed remains to be verified; nevertheless, it may be said without exaggeration that every man whose mind lives and works in relation to the present thought of the world must be in some sense an evolutionist. And, more particularly, the one thing in which the human mind is now very much interested is the study of life, its processes and laws, its transformations and continuance, as well as the mysteries of its origin and its destiny. Biology, or the study of life, may be said to be one of the intellectual passions of our time. Now, then, just as, in the early Christian centuries, the person and work of our Lord were put by the Christian Greek mind into direct relation to the thought of the then existing world, so now all the Christian doctrines have to be restudied and restated in relation especially to biological ideas—that is, to our knowledge of the laws and processes of life. Such, then, being the present environment of evolutionary, and particularly of biological, thought, how will our Christian doctrine of the atonement stand in this light? What, in other words, is the relation of Christ's sufferings to the life of the world—to the laws, processes, and necessities of life, as we are beginning to understand them?

This, as you perceive, is a very large subject; it were idle to attempt in a single sermon anything more than to find our way to the shore of it; but by merely glancing in this direction we may perceive that the doctrine of the atonement has still for our age vast breadth and depth of divine truth in it. As a study, or suggestion rather of a study, of the atonement in this light, let me, therefore, ask your attention to the following outline of much that may be thought and said.

The truth which we have to consider anew is the necessity for us of the sufferings of Christ. The manner in which we are to consider this truth in relation to prevalent ideas is as follows: First, we are to gain some understanding of the place in general of suffering in the evolution of life; and, secondly, we are to think then of the particular place of Christ's sufferings in the divine evolution of the life of the world. Or, to repeat the same thing in a slightly different expression, we are to regard, first, the law of suffering in life, and, secondly, Christ's sufferings under this vital law of suffering. I am satisfied that as we do this the work of Christ will grow more significant to our reasons, as it is unspeakably precious to Christian hearts. Yet it is fortunate that the world can keep Christ's redeeming grace in its heart of want, even though sometimes it may not see his atoning work clearly in its reason.

Taking up, then, for a moment the first general point—the vital necessities of suffering—these three facts, it seems to me, clearly emerge from all this mystery of evil around us; there are these three obvious uses of suffering in general: Suffering is needed as a means of the ascent of life; suffering is needed as a means of overcoming the descent of life; suffering is needed as a means of imparting the virtue of one life to another life. In such ways and for such ends suffering is a vital necessity in the development of life to its perfection. The first two necessities of suffering just mentioned I do not need to dwell upon. For it is clear that suffering has been a means by which life has ascended from lower to higher forms and uses. This is obvious in the animal world. From the beginning the lower forms perish that the higher may survive; the higher animals live by the death of the lower. We men and women live at the cost of the animal kingdom. Suffering, then, is plainly one law of the ascent of life. Again, the second necessity of suffering is obvious; by means of it the descent of life may be overcome. Pain may be a preventive against degeneration. Pain may indicate the application of the brakes to keep life from going downgrade. Suppose that all sensation of pain could be annihilated this instant throughout the whole realm of animate existence; it might be, for the moment, a happy world; but it would be difficult to conceive how for any length of time life could be kept up to its work; how species could be preserved; how individuals might not lapse into uselessness. Suffering, within certain limits at least, seems to be necessary for the preservation of life as it is now constituted.

The third need of suffering just mentioned requires closer examination: How through suffering can the virtue of one life be given to another? In our physical life we find some interesting suggestion of such transference of healing virtue in the way one organ of a body may sometimes take upon itself extra work for the relief of another organ of the body. It sometimes happens that when one part of a body is injured, some other part, at cost of stress or pain put upon itself, will discharge, to a certain extent, the functions of the injured member, giving it perchance time to recover its spent vitalities. Go up in the scale of existence above the physical to the social, the human, the moral, forms of life, and this law of the transference of virtue through suffering becomes more apparent. There are many illustrations of it. The law of the transference of vital virtue through suffering is known in the very birth, in travail and sorrow, of the man-child into the world. Infancy is a continual illustration of it, significant of the power of one life to give itself for another, as the mother's love is the surpassing love. Family histories have been enriched by instances of the transference of strength, help, and goodness through sacrifice and suffering. Even the sin of

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some member of a family, patiently endured, nobly suffered for, by another member of the family, has at length been quenched in the love which could not be consumed by the cruel flame and the agony of it. This has often happened; a moral expiation of sin in the forgiving, long-suffering life of the family. What might not be pardoned in a court of law is expiated in the suffering of the home. One may trace this benign law of the moral transference of life to life running through the common story of human toil and suffering, help and love. It is written small in common life; it is written large in illustrious historic examples. The great American bishop, whose shepherding all churches besides his own have owned, illustrated this vital law of the substitution of the strength of one for the weakness of another, in a simple act which is related of him, when, one day, finding a poor, sickly woman with a worrying child in a tenement, he bade her go out for a half-hour and take the fresh air, while he, the great, good Phillips Brooks, devoted himself to the unaccustomed task of taking care of the baby. And a working-girl, also, from one of our stores, obeyed the same divine law of life for life in a little act of service, when, as she returned to her lodgings one Saturday night, worn out by the exactions of purchasers who do not always remember that people behind counters are human beings who have souls as sensitive as their own, she thought, in her own exhaustion, of other store-girls who soon would return weary and forlorn as herself, and took the pains to kindle a fire for them and to have a cup of chocolate ready to offer them. It is the same law of service, of substitution, of the giving of life to life at some cost, which runs through all the helpfulness of humanity; which goes down to the beginnings of life in the assumption by one organ of the functions of another organ in the animal economy; which reaches up to the heights of sacrifice in the triumphs of the martyrs, and the glory of Him who gave his life for the world.

Let me pass, then, without further illustration of these offices of suffering, to the second main part of the view suggested—namely, the sufferings of Christ as regarded under these vital necessities of suffering. They may be thought of under the first law of suffering as necessary to the ascent of life. Suppose it to be the good object of the Creator, and the end of the creation, to present before God in eternity the perfect man—a being capable of knowing and loving, a being morally incapable of falling and dying away from God in selfishness and sin. How is such a being conceivably to be made perfect except as the Scripture tells us Christ was himself made perfect, through suffering? How is the Son of man to exalt his brethren with him above possibility of further temptation, and to fit them for perfect life, unless under the same yoke and discipline of suffering by means of which he himself was glorified? Suffering, as we have seen, is a necessity to the physical ascent of life from lower to higher organisms; it appears to be also a moral necessity of the life of the Spirit in our humanity in its ascent with the Christ to the glory of the Father.

Again, in a world like ours, where life has not been one continuous and happy ascent, where there have been retrogression and a fall of man even on the creation's upward course—a world where sin abounds—how is this descent of life to be checked, how shall the fall be overcome, unless it be through some mighty power of love working under the law of substitution and help through suffering? For our restoration the Christ must needs suffer with us, the perfect Man live with the imperfect man, the sinless One radiant from God's blessedness dwell in the darkness of our sin, feeling it, confessing it for us, condemning it by his own pain in enduring it; so that his whole experience of it may become man's knowledge of it, his suffering for it our sense of its infinite ill-desert, his Cross our effectual prayer to his Father and our Father for its forgiveness. Vicariousness, the offering of one in another's stead, as was remarked, is one of the beneficent laws of life. Vicariousness of functions and of service is provided for in the unity of life. Atonement has its eternal place in the oneness of all life, human and divine. Hence the vicariousness of Christ's sufferings is but divinest instance and use of the common law of vital substitution. He who cannot understand how Christ could suffer for us, the righteous for the unrighteous, should go and live with open heart in this world of sin and want until he learns by rich experience the divine vicariousness of suffering in human homes; for there is no higher exhibition of moral law, there is no more glorious principle of human life, than this vital power of love to impart its own help and healing by taking others forgiven to its heart, and suffering with them in their need.

I am not speaking now of the mere legal penalty for wrong-doing, as though that could be removed by another taking it upon himself. But merely legal relations constitute the smallest part of the relations of human life. I am speaking not of mere pardon possible under some theory of government, human or divine; I am thinking of the more important expiation of sin in the processes of life; of the possible oblivion of it in the heart of love, human or divine. I am recalling how, often, when a friend has injured another, the wrong has been put away from between them by the penitential response of the wrong-doer in view of the pain suffered by the other, the disclosure of which convinced him of his evil word or deed. As matter of fact, we can and do forgive and forget the wrongs we do one another, as we are led to put ourselves each in the other's place, and so to come to a perfect understanding concerning the evil thing.

Shall God not have greater power to enter into our life, bringing us to an understanding with him concerning our sin? If the mutualities of our human friendships permit us to do so much in burying a troubled past and restoring our confidence in one another, shall not God's closer sympathy with all souls, and his oneness with us in Christ's life and death, permit him to take a lost world back to his gracious confidence while he convinces it of its sin through the Cross of Christ? Shall not the living God exercise the vicarious virtue of all life in its highest power?

If still the question be pressed, How can this be?—the just for the unjust, the strong for the weak, the Holy One for the fallen groping in sin's darkness?—we can answer, We know in part; but we know something of the vicarious power of love under life's highest laws, in humanity's deepest experiences of healing virtue; we know in part the divine law of the transference through suffering of life to life; and we can, therefore, believe in whatever vicarious power of the life of God lies still beyond our knowledge in the mystery of redeeming grace.

There may be other and deeper necessity of suffering to God himself in the forgiveness of sin than we may comprehend in our profoundest ethics of the Cross of Christ. We can well believe that all the views which the different Christian ages have gained of the atoning love of God in Christ have in them broken rays at least of truth, and present each some aspect of God's manifold wisdom. And life itself, the rich, wonderful unfolding of life, of which this our earthly experience is but an introductory chapter, has other scenes to open, and a wider drama to unroll, and cosmical significance yet to be revealed.

The suggestions, however, which have been now offered may not prove in vain if they convey to others something of my own profound conviction that our essential Christian beliefs, and particularly the Christian doctrine of the atonement, are not to lose their power, but rather are to gain fresh attraction, as, in time, before the eyes of all men, the Church shall succeed in framing them anew and worthily in the prevalent thought of our own age. It is, indeed, enough if, through life and death, we can cling with simple faith to the Cross. It is much if, as the years pass away, we may find Christ within us more and more our hope of glory. Yet while we trust and fear not to have open minds, we may also find our Christian faiths gaining fresh vitalities from the great world's freest thought, and we may become in our own experience the more assured that the old Gospel of the Lord's sacrificial life and death is the one interpretation and harmony of whatever knowledge men may gather of the laws and processes of life, and of the uses of suffering for its deliverance from evil and its final perfection: "Because Christ alone suffered for sins once, the righteous for the unrighteous, that he might bring us to God."

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Books and Authors

Professor Huxley's Essays [1]

There lies before us in "Method and Results" the first volume in a series of nine which, when completed, will contain all Professor Huxley's "Collected Essays." This volume contains Essays on Natural and Political Science, including the famous and characteristic one on the "Physical Basis of Life," an essay which in a remarkable degree illustrates both the strength and the weakness of the writer. As we re-read this remarkable paper, we do not discover in it any adequate cause for the fury of theological criticism which was let loose upon it when it first appeared. Its speculation—for it is speculative rather than scientific—that protoplasm is "the physical basis of life," alike in the "flower which the girl wears in her hair and the blood which courses through her veins," alike in "the brightly colored lichen . . . and the painter to whom it is instinct with beauty," need disturb no one whose faith in his own divine nature and origin is witnessed by and rooted in his own consciousness; and he may, on the contrary, welcome the attempted demonstration that there is in all creation "a threefold unity—namely, a unity of power or faculty, a unity of form, and a unity of substantial composition." Indeed, though the essay does not take that form, it would be difficult to conceive a more cogent reply to Frederic Harrison's sneering inquiry addressed to Herbert Spencer, Why not say forces instead of force? or a more convincing demonstration of the intellectual and vital unity of phenomena, and therefore of the Creator, than is afforded by this essay. At the same time it strikingly illustrates that curious illogicalness, not to say inconsistency, which seems to us one of the most distinguishing characteristics of the brilliant mind of Professor Huxley. He moves along ordinarily with a singular continuity of thought and candor of spirit, only, every now and then, to leap over a great chasm in his pilgrimage, with an intellectual agility the more surprising to the spectator because it is evidently entirely unconscious in the athlete. Thus, in one part of this essay he explicitly denies necessarianism, affirms the reality of volition, and asserts, impliedly if not explicitly, that there is no cause and effect, only a series of sequences; in another part he affirms that life is the *result* of the molecular forces of protoplasm. In fact, there is not the least indication that life is the result of protoplasm, only that it is an accompaniment of it. The title of his essay is justified; he at least indicates that protoplasm is the *basis* of life, but not at all that it is the *cause* of life; and, in fact, no sooner has he announced this latter proposition as his conclusion than he proceeds to demolish the conclusion by denying that there are any results.

Thomas H. Huxley

The autobiography with which this volume opens is not the least interesting essay in the volume, and, brief as it is, it appears to us to indicate, with that *naïveté* so characteristic of Professor Huxley, the secret of his power and the nature of his deficiencies. His intellectual power lies in his genuine desire for truth, the general steadiness of an unprejudiced and unhasty mind in pursuit of it, his sincerity in utterance, and his strenuous and persistent industry. That quickness of intuition which he says he inherited from his mother, and which he frankly confesses has sometimes "played me sad tricks"—as, for example, it has done by leading him to jump to conclusions which he has not critically examined—constitutes sometimes a strength, sometimes a weakness. Much of his work has been marred by his confessed "untiring opposition to that ecclesiasticism, that clericalism," which he has, unfortunately, had too good reason to regard as "the deadly enemy of science," and which, among the other and many injuries it has inflicted on the Christian Church, has created in the minds of such men as Professor Huxley a prejudice against all institutional religion, if not against all religious philosophy. Such a prejudice can have but one effect—namely, to blind the eyes and impair the judgment respecting the entire spiritual side of life.

Of the other volumes of this series promised we shall look with special interest for those on "Science and Education," "Science and Hebrew Tradition," and "Science and Christian Tradition."

[1] *Method and Results.* By Thomas H. Huxley. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Michel's Rembrandt [1]

Vosmaer, Bredius, Bode, and Woermann have at last met their match in Émile Michel, who, from a monograph published years ago, has expanded his research and criticism into two portly volumes. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that this bids fair to become the standard work on Rembrandt. To begin at the end, the catalogue of paintings, drawings, and etchings is remarkably fine. The photogravures and other illustrations are superbly done. Ordinary photography would be hardly adapted to the rendering of the mellow golden-brown tone and thick impasto characteristic of Rembrandt's work.

The artist's life is now for the first time related with fairness. There is no extenuation of its deficiencies, while full play is allowed to its humanness. M. Michel elucidates many interesting phases of Rembrandt's life: the pupils, Ferdinand Bol, Flinck, and the rest; the happy married life; the extravagance in expenditures for Saskia, for the studio, and in loans to friends; the relations with Hendrickje, the original of the portrait hanging in the Louvre, and exquisitely engraved, by the way, for "The Century" by Mr. Cole; the sorrows, not always undeserved, but always cruel. What a strange isolation it was which attended the evening of the master's life! Even the event of his death came without notice from contemporaries.

Painting is the one great art for which Holland has stood, and the one supreme name in Dutch painting is that of Rembrandt. His imagination was as sane as any the world has ever known. With all this, however, as M. Michel points out, he could not affect us as he does if he had not had technical skill, both in painting and etching, equal to his imaginative powers. This, however, was only the foundation; the superstruction is of entire originality.

Chiaroscuro is the first word which comes to any one's mind in thinking of Rembrandt. He put into his work miracles of air and light and shade. Though he was the first and has been the last to give complete value to these, yet there had been tentative chiaroscurists before him—Leonardo and Correggio, for instance. But they had not gone below the surface. They had, indeed, arrived at a perfect sense of form; but it was reserved for the great genius of the North to reveal to the world for all time the marvels of color and light.

In some of Rembrandt's work critics have said that there is too much vulgar realism. It is true that his Susanna, Delilah, and Potiphar's Wife seem the very eclipse of taste. Still, when we are thus offended, there are several things to remember. The first is that the manners of that day permitted great license in speech and art-expression. The second, that, as Rembrandt himself saw nothing vulgar in life, so his pictures represent all life. He might have said with Diogenes, "If the sun shine upon filth, it remains the sun just the same." Another is that Rembrandt was so opposed to academic ideas that, whether working with brush or needle, his tendency was to fall into the opposite extreme. Hence, while character speaks to us from his every canvas, there is here neither the majesty of Michelangelo nor the sweetness of Raphael. He was their very

[1] *Rembrandt: His Life, His Work, and His Time.* By Émile Michel. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 Vols. $15.

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antipodes. His harmony comes out of apparent disharmony.

The solution is aptly illustrated in the painting of Potiphar's wife denouncing Joseph. Other artists, in dealing with this subject, had concentrated their attention in portraying a woman's half-nude figure. But any one can see that Rembrandt's idea was to show that the woman lied. Indeed, the Bible has never been illustrated before or since as by him. He seems to have been an actual spectator of the scene depicted. His chiaroscuro was no mere technical power, but a spiritual force. Before his day, the variety in treatment of the Scripture story had been vast enough, and the pre-Raphaelites in the South, the Van Eycks and their followers in the North, had been intense enough. But until Rembrandt no one had adequately combined the two. When free to choose his own subjects, he almost invariably took them from the Bible—to him the source of the divinest but also of the most human happenings. Our idea of what these scenes really were can never be accommodated to most of the ante-Rembrandt treatments; there is an inward protest. We feel that the scenes must have been different. But we find our child-ideas again in this interpreter.

Perhaps, had he traveled, the Protestant Dutchman would have brought back orders from Catholic countries for great religious pictures. In addition to this loss of a larger life, puritanical influence in Holland had banished art from the churches. So there was no impetus from without towards delineations on a vast scale. Neither was there any from within. No matter how impressive the great religious pictures of Italian artists were, they were not Rembrandt's ideal. He would impress men face to face, not far away on a church wall or over the altar. Accordingly, his pictures are smaller than others, and even his etchings are smaller than other etchings. Again, the Rembrandt ideal was the painfully self-made, struggling Protestantism, the upbuilding of character; not that splendid ready-made religion, the triumphant Catholicism of Raphael. As no princes of the Church ever protected Rembrandt, we have from him no overgrown work. It is urged that Holland was at that time full of merchant princes; but they were always merchants first. The prices they paid for pictures were subjected to a commercial standard before they came under that of art. Still, it must be remarked that, if the Dutch Church did not patronize painters, the guilds did. In this way miniature museums were established in every town. It is from such instances that we have "The Anatomy Lesson," "The Night Watch," and "The Syndics." They are perfect examples of the greatest genius that the Germanic art-world ever produced.

In general portraiture Rembrandt was as versatile as Velasquez, and far more so than Van Dyck. For the first time in the history of art there was found a painter who dared break away from beauty when there came a question of supremacy between it and suggestiveness or realism. Had the Dutchman and Protestant been an Italian and Catholic, this stubbornness might have been weakened. Fortunately for art, he was not, and psychical portraiture triumphed over the merely beautiful and physical. He is thus the delineator of true character. When we study him, the Italians seem to dwindle into so many Carlo Dolces. Raphael and Michelangelo, Leonardo and Tintoretto and Titian, alone stand out as giants. Yet even these sometimes painted beauty without character, which Rembrandt never did. In the latter's portraits we find no strictly handsome men nor beautiful women, not even any aristocratic and gracious subjects such as Van Dyck's. With Rembrandt, ruggedness, ugliness, grotesqueness, were as much emphasized as beauty, but neither ugliness nor beauty except as the accentuation of vigor, intellect, character.

Rembrandt is thus an expressionist because he had individuality and dared exercise it. That is another way of saying that he had soul. Of how many modern artists can that be said? They are decorative, poetic, serene, imaginative, incisive, powerful, just as they are Puvis de Chavannes, Bastien-Lepage, Makart, Uhde, Gabriel Max, or Munkacsy. But in every art there comes a Phidias or a Beethoven, an absolute individuality, and then all others become relative. Rembrandt's portraits of himself are, of all his works, the most interesting. There is not the first trace of vanity in them. In these many presentments of himself we read his character exactly, just as in the Old Testament we read David's. Not only of the Dutch, but of all painters, Rembrandt was the most philosophical. Goethe discovered this long since, and wrote of "Rembrandt the Thinker." As we call Shakespeare the most philosophical of the poets, so we think of this great Dutchman, not in any abstract sense, but in the concrete one that more than others he has developed for us the knowledge of men.

Some Recent Novels

Pan Michael is the last of the three great patriotic novels by Henry Sienkiewicz which together make up a trilogy about one great era of Polish history. We are confident that all readers of fiction who conquered the difficulties of the first few chapters of "With Fire and Sword" read "The Deluge," and will as eagerly follow this third novel as they did its immediate predecessor. Perhaps the historical and warlike portion of the book is not quite so well handled as that of the first two works in the series, but its social and personal interest is even greater. The first half of the story in particular abounds in humor and character-sketching. Our old friend Zagloba, so often called the Polish Falstaff, still lives, and in his old age is not less wise, witty, and boastful than in his prime. The translation by Mr. Curtin is always spirited, and reproduces faithfully the local color and the individual style of the Polish novelist. Sometimes, however, Mr. Curtin errs in reproducing the Polish idiom too literally. Thus in more than one place we notice the phrase "recovered her presence of mind," where the context obviously shows that the meaning is "recovered her consciousness." Such faults as this are not uncommon, but are minute blemishes on a literary whole which is quite extraordinary in its excellence. The English reading world has reason to feel deeply indebted to Mr. Curtin for introducing it to a foreign novelist whose freshness, vigor, and power are rarely excelled. As was the case in the two former novels, there are occasional passages which undoubtedly truly picture the times and men with which they deal, but which are almost intolerably painful to the sensitiveness of the cultivated reader. The worst of all these passages—and one which the critic really wishes the translator could have found it possible to omit—is that in "Pan Michael" describing the horrible death of the villain of the story. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's *A Gentleman of France* may be described as the kind of a book which may fitly be placed on the shelf with Dumas's "Three Musketeers," Mr. Stevenson's "Kidnapped," Dr. Doyle's "Micah Clarke," Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Splendid Spur," and Mr. Weyman's own "House of the Wolf." The story is placed in the time of Henry of Navarre, and its plot culminates with the assassination of Henry III. It is a tale of adventure and romance, with a fine historical setting and with a vivid reproduction of the manners and people of the age. The plot is handled with dexterity and skill, and the reader's interest is always seen. There is, it should also be noted, nothing like vulgar sensationalism in the treatment, and the literary quality is sound throughout. Readers of this class of fiction will find "A Gentleman of France" to be among the very best stories of love, war, and romance that have been written for their entertainment. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York City.)

"Q," the author of the *Delectable Duchy*, is, as is well known, Mr. T. Quiller-Couch, the author of "The Splendid Spur" and of several other novels and short stories. The "Duchy" of which he writes is, of course, Cornwall, and he does for it much what Mr. Barrie does for the beloved region of Scotland with which he is so familiarly acquainted, or what M. Alphonse Daudet does for rural France in his charming "Letters from My Mill." Indeed, at least two of Mr. Quiller-Couch's character-sketches in the present volume—for they are rather character-sketches than tales—have a close resemblance to well-known stories in the "Letters from My Mill;" not, of course, such a resemblance as indicates imitation, but a general family likeness. In classing the work of the present author with that of M. Daudet and Mr. Barrie, we give it a high but well-deserved meed of praise. There is something extremely delicate and fine in these half-pathetic and half-humorous sketches. Indeed, we think the best of them are decidedly above any other of Mr. Quiller-Couch's work with which we are acquainted. Odd traditions, superstitions, incidents, and quaint characters are mingled in the

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stories, yet each one has an artistic construction and leads toward a single point. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Mr. Marion Crawford's latest story, *Marion Darche*, is an unpretentious narrative, much shorter than Mr. Crawford's stories usually are, and with far less descriptive matter and comment than he usually puts into his stories. So far as literary quality goes, "Marion Darche" is not on a level with Mr. Crawford's best work, but as a story it has admirable qualities. It has a strongly defined plot, a number of dramatic situations skillfully treated, and it moves to its end with the utmost rapidity. It is direct, vigorous, and dramatic. Although comment and observation are, generally speaking, conspicuously absent from this novel, they are singularly pungent and keen whenever they appear, and Mr. Crawford has some telling characterizations and some very interesting generalizations about society in the metropolis. The story will not add to Mr. Crawford's literary reputation, but no one who opens it will lay it down until the last page has been reached. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

One of the most exciting novels of adventure that has been issued this season bears the title *In the Dwellings of Silence: A Romance of Russia*, by Walker Kennedy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) The tragic elements of the political situation in Russia have received very wide report and very great attention during the past few years, and American readers have been made familiar by many skillful and picturesque writers with the condition of Russian society and with the severities of Siberian exile. Mr. Kennedy has drawn upon this material for purposes of fiction, and has told a story in which the fate of the Nihilist and the experiences which crowd upon and often overpower the political exile in Russia are set forth with a good deal of skill. The liberation from the Siberian prison-house and the flight across that desolate country are told with a good deal of picturesque power.

In the story entitled *The Last Canyon of the Toltecs*, Mr. Charles Seeley shows considerable powers of invention. The plot tells the adventures of an obstinate-minded Englishman, who, being persuaded in his own mind that the Isthmus of Panama lies in a north and south direction, attempted to cross it by journeying from west to east at a point where, in fact, the Isthmus stretches for over a hundred miles in an easterly and westerly direction. The geographically ignorant Englishman and his party, together with a party of friends who set out to rescue them, are captured by an imaginary tribe of Toltecs who live in a canyon cut off above and below from the rest of the world, and who hold it as a religious belief that they must not let their existence be known to outsiders. The merit of the book consists in the narration of the ingenious devices adopted by the white men to live in a civilized way among their semi-civilized captors. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Dr. Edward Everett Hale has never written a cleverer short story than that called *One Turn*, which comes to us in the form of a "booklet" from J. Stillman Smith, Boston. The subject is one which Mr. Hale has treated in story form before—namely, the great results which apparently trivial actions may bring forth. The natural and ingenious working out of this idea is full of surprises, abounds in humor, and yet has an extremely strong though well-concealed moral.

Many readers will remember the humorous editorials which were published regularly in the New York "Times" some twenty years ago, and some of them at least will have known that the writer was Colonel W. L. Alden. Mr. Alden has lived abroad for many years, and, at least of late, has been writing for the English press. A volume has been made of his humorous sketches contributed to the "Idler," and perhaps other magazines, and is now printed under the title *Told by the Colonel*. They are uneven in quality, as is inevitably the case in a volume of collected burlesques. Some of them are extremely funny, others flash in the pan. (J. S. Tait & Sons, New York.) Much the same thing may be said of Mr. J. K. Jerome's *Novel Notes*, except that Mr. Jerome sometimes insists upon being pathetic, which Mr. Alden never does; and, in our judgment, Mr. Jerome as a pathetic writer is a decided failure. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

The Soul of the Bishop, by John Strange Winter, is a more ambitious attempt than the author has hitherto made, and we regret to say that we do not regard the attempt as successful. The Bishop is a shadowy and unreal creation, not beginning to be such a flesh-and-blood reality as "Bootles" was. There is considerable moralizing about the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion in the story, set to the tune we know so well from Mrs. Humphry Ward. It bored us in Mrs. Ward's famous book; it bores us none the less in this. Why Miss Constable should persist in believing nothing because she could not believe in original sin is not quite clear to any one but the author. Perhaps it is meant as a bit of feminine perversity; if so, why the preface about agnosticism? (J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.)

There are persons on the lookout for "impressionist" novels, and their souls will be cheered by reading *Relics*, by Frances MacNab. It is difficult to steer a course exactly between originality and eccentricity; this author has piloted her way with precision, and the result is charming. We would quote good things if we knew where to begin, and were sure that we should ever come to an end. Quaint are the thoughts, and epigrammatic the sayings. Mrs. Sneeby, the Miss Bedincars, and, above all, Miss Bolleyne, are characters bound to live in one's memory, like Trollope's Mrs. Prouty, Dickens's Mrs. General, or Fielding's Amelia. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

We do not object to novels with some "go" in them, but we feel obliged to say that *Dodo*, by E. F. Benson, is something more than "breezy"—it is vulgar. We have heard that it has had considerable success in England. If that be true, then we do not think that Mr. Howells need to regret that he is an American. "Dodo" is a loud, vulgar, stupid young woman, whose character we should suppose might have been sketched in the *demi monde*. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The late Professor E. A. Freeman had a genius for the philosophy of history. We do not say that the philosopher was in every detail infallible, but Professor Freeman's power of co-ordination was extraordinary. This rendered his slightest essays of permanent worth, and his correspondence contributions to history and art. Sketches, epistolary and otherwise, have been collected into two little travel-books that should need no recommendation of a reviewer: *Studies of Travel; Greece, Italy*. We are unable to say which of these volumes is the more interesting; we find both of them fascinating. In the volume on "Greece" we are taken over a more familiar territory, while in "Italy" we are conducted along a less beaten highway. For travelers' guide-books, and for home travel-clubs, these books are just the thing one would want. They are really the most delightful reading for winter evenings. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

One of the most characteristic and delightful of the illustrated books of the season is that which contains the *Humorous Poems of Thomas Hood*, with a preface by Alfred Ainger, the well-known editor of Lamb. It is unnecessary to make note or comment in this place on the poems themselves. That which gives this book a new interest is the series of one hundred and thirty illustrations by Charles E. Brock, a name, so far as we remember, new in this country. These illustrations are brimming with Hood's humor. They have a freshness of touch and feeling which even those qualities in Hood's verse do not surpass. They remind one, at first glance, of the best work of Hugh Thomson, but they are characteristically original at the same time. The volume will be a joy to those who appreciate the best English humor expressed not only with the pen but with the pencil. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Nowadays it is not political potentates, but the magazines and illustrated weeklies, that send out expeditions of travel and exploration. Mr. Richard Harding Davis not long since went on such a journalistic journey for "Harper's Weekly," and his letters from Gibraltar, Tangiers, Cairo, Athens, and Constantinople have been the "star feature" of that always interesting periodical for the past few months. Mr. Davis is always clever, always colloquial, always acute. His newspaper training has been of immense service to him in making him a close observer, and his faculty for short-story writing gives his articles an imaginative turn, which is, however, far removed from sentimentalism. Thus topics often written about are put before us in fresh guise and in graphic narration in *The Rulers of the Mediterranean*. The book is well illustrated. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

When we were reading George D. Leslie's *Letters to Marco*, which are real letters to Mr. H. S. Marks, another Royal Academician, we thought of the magic ointment in the Arabian tale, which when rubbed on the eyes made one see all that was in the depths of the earth and in the heart of things. Mr. Leslie has the enchanted vision of a born naturalist, and a fascinating way of telling what he sees the birds and beasts doing, also what they and the plants talk about from spring till autumn. His point of view is in south England, but bird-talk and flower-talk are universal as Volapük—more so. The illustrations to the book are such as we suppose Mr. Ruskin might approve. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Carlyle's *French Revolution* remains, after all the criticism to which it has been subjected, one of the masterpieces of modern historical literature; a work of the highest imaginative quality, full of that power of interpretation which Carlyle possessed in such a rare degree, and of that picturesque and vivid descriptive force which made him one of the greatest literary

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artists of his time. This work has been issued in a very attractive edition by the Frederick A. Stokes Company (New York), in three small volumes, tastefully bound, well printed, and generously illustrated by Joseph W. Gleeson. The illustration is uneven, but, taking the edition as a whole, we do not recall a more attractive form of this great work.

Two very prettily illustrated and bound volumes of reminiscences of travel bear the title *Gipsying by the Sea*. The author is Mr. W. B. Lent, and he takes his reader to Russia as well as to the more commonly traversed regions of Italy, Switzerland, Holland, England, and Scotland. Mr. Lent has a delicate perception of the beautiful in nature and art, and writes sympathetically and with careful diction. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—Zola's visit to London has been followed by that of M. Paul Verlaine.

—Dr. Greer's volume of sermons has as its title "From Things to God."

—"An Introduction to the Elements of Science" is the title of Mr. St. George Mivart's last work.

—Mr. George Haven Putnam has just put forth a book entitled "Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times."

—There recently died at Munich the Baroness Tautphœus, author of the well-known novels "The Initials" and "Quits."

—Mr. John E. Potter, who died the other day in Philadelphia, was for more than forty years the senior member of the publishing house bearing his name.

—Philip Gilbert Hamerton has written his autobiography. It is safely deposited in his publisher's safe, where it will remain until after the author's death.

—The Italian papers say that the Pope is busy writing his memoirs. This book, however, is intended, so they say, for the eyes of one person only—the next Pope.

—Rowland Prothero, a son of Canon Prothero, has become the new editor of the "Quarterly Review." At one time he was assistant editor of the "Nineteenth Century."

—Mr. John Fiske's "Civil Government" was the book selected for political study by the Equal Suffrage Association immediately after the right of suffrage was given to the women of Colorado by the popular vote of November 7.

—"Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve" are to have a successor, which will be published early in the coming year by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. It may be a surprise to learn that of Mrs. Humphry Ward's books, "David Grieve" has had the largest sale.

—Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose name has been forcibly brought before Americans through his address at the dedication of the Lowell memorial, started out as sole editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography." Owing to the state of his health, however, an associate became necessary, and Mr. Sidney Lee was chosen. In reply to a letter from Mr. Charles Aldrich, Curator of the Iowa State Library, Mr. Stephen writes: "I am glad that you find the Dictionary useful. It very nearly killed me; but I am now, I hope, over the effects."

—That "The Heavenly Twins" was written by Mrs. McFall is a mistake, says Madame Sarah Grand. The latter name has been the one supposed to be a pseudonym, not the former. Here is the lady's puzzling statement:

> Mme. Sarah Grand desires to contradict the statement that has lately been freely published in the American press that "The Heavenly Twins" was written by Mrs. McFall. The work is altogether by Sarah Grand. She begs that members of the American press will accept this fact and add one more to the many kindnesses she has already received at their hands. She particularly appreciates the otherwise most kindly notices of her by many writers for the press, who have, however, been incorrectly informed of her name.

—The largest collection of Bibles in the world has just been sold to the General Theological Seminary, New York, by Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co., the London booksellers. It belonged to Dr. Copinger, of the Middle Temple, President of the Bibliographical Society, and Professor of Law in Victoria University, which, besides Owens College, Manchester, comprises also the University College, Liverpool, and the Yorkshire College, Leeds. The collection consists of five hundred and forty editions, in over thirteen hundred volumes, beginning with the fifteenth century and extending to our own day. The next largest collection is that of the British Museum. Those in the Bodleian at Oxford and in the University Library at Cambridge are not half as great. The uniqueness of the editions in the Copinger collection is as remarkable as their number. In some cases it possesses the only copies in existence; in others the only perfect copies.

[For list of Books Received see page 1206]

The Religious World

A New Settlement Among the Poor

The People's Palace in Jersey City has a world-wide reputation because of the work it is doing in a great and needy locality. No other in the metropolitan district is so neglected as that. The churches of New York look after the poor and outcast of New York, and Brooklyn has its evangelistic agencies all busy at work; but Jersey City, which is as much a part of greater New York as even the Bowery itself, is more neglected, so far as concerns evangelistic and reformatory agencies, than any great city in the East. Its churches on the Heights are all doing good work, but there is a vast territory which they are not able to cultivate, and which presents a spectacle of spiritual, moral, and social destitution. The Tabernacle Church and the People's Palace, under the magnetic leadership of the Rev. Messrs. Scudder and Wells, have done great things; but their work is only a beginning. It has been chiefly among men and boys; women and girls whose condition is quite as appalling have hardly been touched. A new settlement for women, very much like the Hull House in Chicago, is just being started to meet this need. It will be independent of the People's Palace in its management, and yet will co-operate with it in all possible ways, using its admirable rooms for classes and various meetings. This will be a Woman's Settlement, but not distinctly a College Settlement. It will aim to do the same work as that being done in Rivington Street, without limiting the workers to college women. The great factories of Jersey City, crowded with operatives, and the appalling poverty of the season, make this a peculiarly opportune time for the beginning of such a settlement. Its purpose will be educational as well as ethical; it will aim to improve the physical life in order that it may stimulate the moral and spiritual. It will be a center for University Extension work; it hopes to have a free kindergarten, and to enlist the sympathies of a large number of gifted women in work among the needy ones in Jersey City. The head of this settlement will be Miss Bradford, sister of the Rev. Dr. Bradford, of Montclair, one of the editors of this paper. Miss Bradford has studied this subject with much care both in England and America, having for a long time been a member in residence of the Woman's Settlement in connection with Mansfield House, East London. Other women have already promised to co-operate in various ways—one to teach scientific dressmaking, another to give afternoon teas and art receptions to the women and girls, another to teach physical culture. Any communications addressed to Miss Bradford at Montclair, N. J., or at the People's Palace, Jersey City, will receive attention.

New York Presbytery and Union Seminary

The question of the treatment of Union Seminary and its students by the Presbytery of New York is again exciting attention. It will be remembered that some weeks ago the question of the relation of the Presbytery to the students in Union Seminary was up for consideration. Action was deferred for one month. At the adjourned meeting the original resolution was withdrawn, and, after a condensed debate under the five-minute rule, followed by the previous question, the following resolutions were adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That, in loyal compliance with the provisions of our Form of Government, and with the action of the General Assembly of 1893 (page 161), with respect to Union Seminary, and in another instance, with respect to the continuance in a professorship in a theological institution of a minister suspended for unsoundness in the faith (see pages 156, 165), this Presbytery hereby recommends that students for the ministry applying to be taken under its care shall not pursue their theological studies in any seminary disapproved by the General Assembly.

2. *Resolved*, That the above report and action of the Presbytery be communicated by the Stated Clerk to each student for the ministry applying to be taken under the care of the Presbytery, including the two applicants whose cases are now before us.

The following resolution was also debated, but finally withdrawn:

> This Presbytery expresses the earnest wish that seminaries now disapproved by our General Assembly may be restored to such relationship to that body, by coming into accord and co-operation with the same, as shall make it consistent with our convictions of duty to cordially commend them to the consideration of candidates for the ministry, and to the sympathy and support of all our churches.

Another matter of interest was the question of the admission of Professor McGiffert, of Union Theological Seminary,

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from the Presbytery of Cincinnati. It was proposed that he be received without examination, as we believe is customary in New York in such circumstances, although the custom varies with Presbyteries. This action was strenuously opposed by Dr. G. W. F. Birch, who, it will be remembered, was Chairman of the Prosecuting Committee in the Briggs case. The Presbytery decided by nearly a unanimous vote to receive Professor McGiffert without an examination, after which Dr. Birch read a protest, signed by himself, which was as follows: "We, the undersigned, respectfully dissent from the action of the Presbytery in receiving the Rev. Arthur McGiffert, D.D., into the membership of the Presbytery without examination." We have commented on this action on our editorial pages.

Baptist City Missions in New York

We had intended before this to make mention of the first Annual Meeting of the Baptist City Missionary Society, which was held on November 20. Owing to delay in adjusting new methods to old, the work of the Society has covered only about six months. The report is, however, of advance all along the line. The amount of money raised was $38,581.95, of which sum Mr. John D. Rockefeller gave $13,656.20. He offered to give nine dollars for every seventeen contributed from other sources. The most prominent mission work of the Society is that of the Mariners' Temple, where numerous services are held every Sunday, where there is a boys' brigade, a kindergarten, a service for Hebrews, one for Italians, a hot-coffee stand, an employment bureau, a free dispensary, a wood-yard, a printing-office, and many other forms of activity, all of which seem to be in successful operation. Among the workers we notice the names of the Rev. J. C. Thoms, Mrs. J. F. Avery, and the Rev. H. C. Deming. The work embraces visitation of ships in the harbor, canal-boats on which families live, lodging-houses, and the operation of a Gospel chapel on wheels. As we read the various reports which come to us from societies of this kind, we are more than ever impressed with the fact that in the midst of the great destitution of our times the Christian Church is not forgetful of its great responsibilities and opportunities, and is proving itself the poor man's best friend.

The Unitarians and the Brahmo-Somaj

Mr. Mozoomdar, the eloquent leader of the Brahmo-Somaj, seems to have made an even more profound impression on his second visit to this country than on his first. Since the closing of the Parliament of Religions he has spent much of his time in Boston, in close association with the Unitarians of that city. The result has been the proposal to organize a Mozoomdar Mission Fund, somewhat on the plan of the Ramabai Association. We select a few facts concerning this work from the "Christian Register." It says that Mr. Mozoomdar himself needs a more adequate personal support. The ministry of the Brahmo-Somaj has no assured income. A man of Mr. Mozoomdar's spiritual gifts ought to be relieved from all financial anxiety concerning the physical support of himself and his wife. He ought also to have means for traveling and preaching, and for the publication in various ways of his message. The "Register" says: "It would be a good idea if we could engage Mr. Mozoomdar to stay in this country and help us to 'Christianize our Christianity.' But if we cannot do this, the next best thing is to help him in his work at home."

Address to the Brahmo-Somaj

The Boston Ministerial Union (Unitarian), through a committee, consisting of Joseph Henry Allen, Edmund B. Wilson, and Samuel J. Barrows, has issued an address to the Brahmo-Somaj which is exceedingly interesting. We give a condensation of it: It begins by an appreciative reference to Mr. Mozoomdar and his work, and speaks of the Somaj as "a religious communion which in its spirit and motive appeals with special emphasis to those who profess the most liberal interpretation that can be given to a spiritualized Christianity." The address refers to the visit of Rajah Ramohun Roy, the founder of the Somaj, who visited England sixty years ago to seek the friendship of English Unitarians. The closing paragraph of the address we think significant enough to quote in full. Speaking of the Somaj, it says: "But we are accustomed to think of it as certainly among the purest and noblest of forces which are shaping the religious future of the remoter East. As such we were prepared to welcome its eloquent messenger, whose voice we heard with delight ten years ago, now that he comes among us as envoy to the great World's Parliament of Religions. He has laid strong claims to our gratitude by the freshness of spirit, the wealth of illustrations, those vivid pictures of Oriental scenery and life which bring home to us the native face and form so as to make them real to our own thought, the frank and cordial manner in which he has won his way among us, so that the land, the man, or the faith he came to interpret, seem no longer remote and strange to us, but are a familiar part of our own experience. This is the obligation which with gratitude and respect we hereby express." It seems something new under the sun to have such communications passing between America and India; and yet, after all, is it not a good sign when East and West learn to appreciate that which is best in each other? It has been the writer's privilege to hear Mr. Mozoomdar several times, and he has never heard one word from him which was not heartily Christian. We do not know how far he diverges from the more common interpretations of Christianity, but we do know that in the main his spirit and utterances are earnest, inspiring, and Christian.

The Rev. Robert Collyer

While we are speaking of the Unitarians, we are reminded that the Rev. Dr. Collyer, of the Church of the Messiah in New York, has just been celebrating his seventieth birthday. Dr. Collyer is one of the most gifted and genial ministers in the whole country, a man who deserves the high position which he has won, and whose charity and spirituality are as widely known as his great ability and his oratorical genius. The reception on the occasion of his birthday was given in the church of which he is pastor. In the chapel an informal meeting was held, after which the audience adjourned to the main auditorium, when addresses were made and letters of congratulation read. Others besides Unitarians were glad to speak of their appreciation of the honored pastor of the Church of the Messiah. If we remember correctly, Dr. Collyer, who is an Englishman by birth, was originally a Methodist. His views have changed, but he possesses even now the same fervent and earnest type of Christianity which characterized him in his earlier life. As a preacher he is probably the most eminent in his denomination. Both East and West delight in doing him honor, and The Outlook joins its congratulations with those of his many friends, and wishes for him many more years of useful and honorable service.

Memorial Service for Dr. Deems

One of the most interesting and impressive memorial services which the writer has ever attended was held on Thursday evening, December 15, in memory of the late pastor of the Church of the Strangers, and President of the Institute of Christian Philosophy. The formal funeral services had been held about a fortnight before, but, as it was impossible for more than a small fraction of his friends to be present, this more general service was held. The church was filled with an eager audience, and the addresses were of a very high order. The venerable Thomas Armitage, D.D., late pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, spoke as the long and intimate friend of Dr. Deems; Dr. Bradford, of the Congregational Church of Montclair, N. J., as his co-worker and successor in the Institute of Christian Philosophy. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, representing the business men of New York, made a noble address, in which he referred to Dr. Deems as a member of the same Church as Melchisedec, the Church that antedated even the Jewish faith. This was elicited by a statement of a previous speaker that Dr. Deems was a member of no denomination, but that all were united in recognizing and claiming him as a brother. Mr. Hewitt closed with a feeling tribute to the high regard in which Dr. Deems was held in commercial circles, saying that "he was the typical Christian of the nineteenth century." After earnest and appreciative letters had been read from Dr. D. H. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Church, Rabbi Gottheil, Bishop Vincent, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and many others, Mr. M. J. Verderey, the son-in-law of Dr. Deems, at the special request of the Church of the Strangers, spoke of the personal life of the

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departed pastor. The difficult service was rendered with perfect taste and with exquisite grace and feeling. The meeting was a noble tribute to a noble man—a man who was worthy of all praise for his most inspiring influence, and the catholicity and progressive spirit which characterized his preaching and his writing. The future of the Church of the Strangers is a problem, but there is no question about the value of the work which has been done through it for the last twenty years.

A Living Wage

The London "Christian World" of November 30 contains a most interesting and valuable symposium on the subject of "A Living Wage." The subject has been brought into prominence by the recent strike among the coal-miners. Several conferences concerning the subject have been held, notably one in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey. In the midst of the discussion concerning the settlement of the questions in dispute, there came to be a very general sentiment that the real issue was not concerning what the employers could get men to work for, but what was necessary to the decent and comfortable existence of the employees. In the symposium the following persons, among others, took part: Mr. George Russell and Mr. Sydney Buxton, both Members of Parliament and of the Cabinet; Augustine Birrell, M.P., well known as the author of "Obiter Dicta;" Albert Spicer, M.P. and Chairman of the Congregational Union; Keir Hardie, M.P. and labor agitator; Walter Besant; the editors of the Liverpool "Post," the "Daily News," the "Daily Chronicle," the "Standard," and the "Westminster Gazette;" Mr. William Morris, the poet and Socialist; Tom Mann, the labor agitator; and the following clergymen: Archdeacon Sinclair, of St. Paul's; Canon Scott Holland; Drs. Clifford, Horton, Parker, Lunn, and the Rev. Charles F. Aked. We quote a few of the significant utterances. Mr. George Russell said that we have no right to take advantage of circumstances in order to pay a man less than he can live upon decently, and no laws of supply and demand can give such a right. Mr. Albert Spicer said that the importance of this agitation can hardly be overestimated, and that every step toward the realization of a perfect living wage must bring prosperity in its train. Mr. Costello, of the London County Council, a Roman Catholic, said that it is not only immoral and irreligious but inhuman for any society to coolly assent to a political economy which teaches that a man may be hired for just as little as he will take. Mr. Besant said that he thinks that all capital should be restricted to a certain percentage, and that surplus moneys, when the men have been fairly paid, should form a fund for slack times and bad times. The editor of the "Westminster Gazette" quoted approvingly Adam Smith's truism that a man must always live by his work, and that his wages should be at least sufficient to maintain him. Archdeacon Sinclair thought that a wise system of profit-sharing would help largely to solve the difficulty; Dr. Clifford, that man needs a home, a furnished home, a home for his mind and heart, and leisure and treasure enough to cultivate them; Dr. Horton, that an employer has no right to employ a man at a starvation wage because there is a supply of labor beyond the demand; Dr. Lunn, that no employer has a right to employ men at starvation wages when he can pay more; and Mr. Aked said that he regarded a demand for a living wage, with all that the demand implies, as the most profoundly important and far-reaching movement of the present century.

Gleanings

—The Rt. Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, Bishop of York, England, has been elected Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland.

—We have received from "A Friend" in St. Augustine, Fla., the sum of $10 as a contribution to the Children's Aid Society of New York City, and have forwarded it to the Treasurer of that Society.

—The Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton's resignation as pastor of the West Presbyterian Church of New York City has been accepted by the congregation with appropriate expressions of regret. The vote was unanimous.

—The Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., will supply the pulpit of the Westminster Church, Detroit, Mich., during December, and will assist in the revival services now in progress in that city, under the direction of the Rev. Wilbur F. Chapman, D.D., of Albany, N. Y.

—Canon Farrar is about to put up in St. Margaret's Church, London, of which he is rector, a small but beautiful memorial to the late Dr. Phillips Brooks. Canon Farrar says that he needs only £30 in addition to what he has already collected for the memorial.

—The rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest of New York City, Dr. D. Parker Morgan, has decided that the money usually spent in evergreens and smilax can be better expended, so that the $500 or $600 which has heretofore been laid out for decorations will be used for paying rents and buying clothing and food for those to whom Christmas Day is a feast in name only.

—At a session of the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South last week the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, We believe intercollegiate games of baseball and football to be dangerous to the health, life, and morals of many of our young men; therefore be it

Resolved, That we do most heartily condemn said games as now played, and earnestly request our schools and colleges to refrain from same.

—Whittaker's "Protestant Episcopal Church Almanac" for 1894, which has just appeared, shows that the last year 327 men were ordained to the ministry, a gain of 36 over the previous year. The number of communicants is given as 566,812, an increase of 17,957. The grand total of contributions was $13,885,757.50, being an increase of $320,711.19. A decrease is reported of 3,731 baptisms, 1,185 confirmations, 481 marriages, 1,266 burials, 205 Sunday-school scholars, and 29 mission posts.

—The Rt. Rev. T. B. Lyman, Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina, died at Raleigh, N. C., on Wednesday of last week. He was born in Brighton, Mass., in 1815; was educated at Hamilton College and in the New York Theological Seminary; was ordained in 1840, and was admitted to the priesthood a year later. His first charge was St. John's Church, Hagerstown. In 1850 he accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, Pittsburg, Pa. He went to Europe in 1860, and was chiefly instrumental in establishing the English church in Florence and the American chapel in Rome. During his absence he was elected Dean of the General Theological Seminary, but declined the position. When he returned to the United States in 1870 he became rector of Trinity Church, San Francisco, and held that position for three years, until he was chosen Assistant Bishop of North Carolina. In 1881, upon the death of Bishop Atkinson, he was elected Bishop of the diocese.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—E. L. House has accepted a call from the Second Church of Attleboro', Mass.

—E. E. Willey has received a call for one year from the church in Joplin, Mo.

—Smith Baker was on December 7 installed as pastor of the Maverick Church of East Boston, Mass.; the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. E. L. Clark.

—G. W. Grover, of the Pilgrim Church of Nashua, N. H., has resigned.

—A. H. Ball accepts a call to Anderson, Ind.

—E. L. Hull, of Ford, Kan., accepts a call to Garfield.

—R. P. Gardner was on December 5 installed as pastor of the church in Marion, Mass.

—W. T. Sleeper has resigned the pastorate of the Summer Street Church of Worcester, Mass.

—J. L. Sewall was installed as pastor of the Clyde Church of Kansas City, Mo., on December 6.

—Robert Quaife has resigned the pastorate of the Storrs Church, Cincinnati, O.

PRESBYTERIAN

—W. D. Crockett was ordained and installed as pastor of the First Church of Canton, Pa., on November 24.

—G. L. Spining, of the Phillips Church of New York City, has accepted a call from the First Church of South Orange, N. J.

—D. S. Mackay, of St. Albans, Vt., has received a call from the First Church of Albany, N. Y.

—J. H. Odell has received a call from the church in Fulton, N. Y.

—J. F. Patterson has received a call from the Central Church of Orange, N. J.

OTHER CHURCHES

—J. G. Smith (P. E.) died in Indianapolis, Ind., last week, at the age of eighty-one.

—D. L. V. Moffett, of St. Paul's Church (P. E.), New Whatcom, Wash., accepts the rectorship of St. John's Church, Stockton, Cal.

—G. S. Richards, of the Church of the Messiah (P. E.), is to become assistant at the Emmanuel Church, Allegheny, Pa.

—W. J. Williams, of St. Luke's Church (P. E.), Cedar Falls, Iowa, accepts the rectorship of the Church of the Ascension, Wellesville, O.

—J. W. Brooks has resigned the pastorate of the Reformed church of East New York, N. Y.

—A. M. Conway accepts a call from the Bethesda Baptist Church of Jersey City, N. J.

—J. F. Hillyer, who died at Belton, Tex., last week, at the age of eighty-eight, was one of the oldest Baptist preachers in the country.

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With Our Readers

Correspondence

Liberal Presbyterianism and the Foreign Field

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A case which has come to my knowledge in the past week is deeply instructive as showing the course which events are about to take in Presbyterian foreign missions, in consequence of the action of the last two Assemblies. The case to which I refer is that of the resignation of the Rev. Mr. McGilvary, of the Chieng Mai (North Laos) Mission, and its acceptance by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

The circumstances of this case, so far as I have been able to learn them, are as follows: Three years ago Mr. McGilvary went out with his wife to the Chieng Mai Mission, with the intention of devoting his life to work among the Laos. Since that time he has been actively and successfully engaged as a missionary, honored alike by his associates and by the native Christians. Mr. McGilvary was contented, and had no idea but that he should always remain in Siam. The relations with the other missionaries in the field were perfectly cordial, and there was no friction of any sort. All went well and happily until the General Assembly in America undertook to add its new series of doctrines to those contained in the Confession of Faith. The Portland declaration troubled Mr. McGilvary deeply, as it has troubled many other missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, but he said nothing and waited to see what the future would bring forth.

A year afterwards the decision was made in the case of Dr. Briggs, and two months later the news reached Siam. There it made a profound impression, and Mr. McGilvary, for one, felt that something more was now required to be a Presbyterian than had been the case when he went out as a missionary; and that, while he was still loyal to the Word of God and to the standards of the Church, judged by this new test he was no longer a Presbyterian. Neither he nor his wife could bear the thought of giving up their work in Siam, which they loved with all their hearts; and if it were possible in any way for them still to remain as missionaries of the Board, they hoped to do so; but they felt, as employees of the Board, that honor demanded that they should inform it of the attitude which they took in regard to these questions of the day.

Accordingly, early in August, Mr. McGilvary wrote to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, North, that, while he remained unchanged in his loyalty to the Bible and the Church, he was not prepared to make any affirmations in regard to the original autographs of the books of the Bible, and that he did not believe that Moses wrote the whole Pentateuch, or Isaiah the whole book which bears his name. If, in the opinion of the Board, this disqualified him for the work of a missionary, he was willing to tender his resignation.

After two months of delay and of indescribable suspense for Mr. McGilvary, the Board has at last voted to accept the resignation. This action is, of course, logical, in view of the decisions of the Assembly, and no special responsibility rests upon the Board, which is only the creature of General Assembly; but the action is no less lamentable for that reason. It is hard to see how, in ecclesiastical consistency, the recall could be avoided, but who can help regretting the original cause which leads to such logical results as this?

Viewed in the abstract, it is a sad thing that the dogmatic squabbles of the Church at home should have to be carried into the foreign field. It is bad enough when a pastor or a professor is deposed for his opinion on matters of technical scholarship, but it does not begin to be as bad as when a missionary is deposed for such reasons. In the case of the missionary this means an abandonment of the field of labor, a depletion of the already scanty ranks of the preachers of the Gospel to the heathen, and the removal of a man who has a peculiar training for his work which it will take years for another man to acquire.

Unfortunate as such action is in any case, it is doubly unfortunate in the particular case of Mr. McGilvary, on account of the peculiar nature of his work and his peculiar fitness for that work. Mr. McGilvary is the son of the venerable Dr. Daniel McGilvary, who has devoted his life with the most remarkable results to the evangelization of the Laos. Mr. McGilvary's mother was born in Siam, and speaks Lao like a native. He himself was born in that country, and its language was the language of his childhood. Although he was educated in this country, he did not forget the Lao, and when he returned to his home he found in a few months that it all came back to him, and he was able to preach in it fluently. While a student in America he distinguished himself by his philological ability. He was the first man in his class in Greek and Latin in college, and was the Fellow in Greek of Princeton Theological Seminary. He was twice called to professorships, but declined them, feeling that his training qualified him for a special work in Siam.

That work was the translation of the Bible. Up to the present there have been only fragments of translation of Scripture in Lao, and none of the missionaries possessed the requisite knowledge of the language of the country, or of the Hebrew and Greek, to make a complete translation which might become a national classic. It was to undertake this work that Mr. McGilvary was urged to come to Siam, and to this work he has devoted himself since he has been in the country. His fine Biblical scholarship, his feeling for the idioms of the language, and the aid of his mother, have all combined to make his work one of permanent value. That work must now cease, for there is no other denomination working in Siam with which Mr. McGilvary can ally himself.

Another reason why this action of the Board is to be regretted is that it will take Mr. McGilvary away from his home, and deprive his father, who has served the Board for the past thirty years, of the sympathy and aid of his son, who, during the long years of preparation in America, has been separated from him. There is a pathos about this recall which would not be felt in the case of a man who had left his family behind in this country, and who, in returning to America, was coming home.

X. Y. Z.

See editorial comment elsewhere.—The Editors.

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Facts and Theories

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Bishop Seymour's communication, published in your issue of December 9, was, it seems to me, one of the best he has ever written. No Episcopalian of any party or school of thought could take serious exception to its tone and substance.

But is there not a ground of mediation between your position and his? And does it not consist in distinguishing carefully between the *facts* of divine revelation and those *theories* which are derived by inference from the facts, and depend on more or less probable interpretations of Scriptural language? This was the line taken by several speakers in the recent Church Congress. For instance, said Dr. Shipman, it is an article of faith that God created the earth. But various theories may be held in the Church as to the *manner* of creation, from the theory of evolution to that once universally held that the world was created by successive fiats in six days of twenty-four hours each.

The word "creed" should be restricted to those statements of the essentials of Revelation which have come down to us with the authority of Catholic antiquity. How can these ever change? I fail to see how there can be any Christianity without a belief in the Incarnation, the atoning death, resurrection, and ascension of our Lord, and his coming again for the last judgment.

The Episcopal Church has set forth, not the Thirty-nine Articles—which men of Bishop Seymour's school were lately decrying as the "forty stripes save one"—but the Nicene Creed, "as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith."

In regard to this permit me to quote from Dr. W. R. Huntington's lectures entitled "The Peace of the Church:"

"Really, it has been against the multiplicity of dogmas rather than against the dogmatic principle itself that opposition has kindled into flame. In order to form a just judgment in the matter, we must learn carefully to distinguish between essential dogma—those statements, that is to say, which make the essence of Christian belief—and the many other propositions which from time to time have been set forth as logical inferences from these first-hand truths. When a poet, in a stanza which has become hackneyed quite as much through misuse as through right use, speaks of our 'little systems' having their day and ceasing to be, it is not, we may be very sure, the articles of the creed he has in mind, but rather those complicated frameworks of theological opinion which, under the name of platforms, confessions, and bodies of divinity, have been again and again clamped and riveted together, only to fall to pieces as soon as there has been time enough for the corrosive influences of the atmosphere to eat away the bolts."

H. M. C.

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The Saloon "per se"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

One phase of the liquor question, it seems to me, is not made as prominent in discussion as its importance demands—viz., the evil of the saloon of and by itself and entirely apart from the evils resulting from the things sold there. Some years ago, when doing newspaper work in a rapidly growing Western city, I had an opportunity to see something of saloon influences, as a part of my duties was the reporting of police court business. Previous to the enforcement of the "prohibition law" there was the usual number of homicides and other grave crimes incident to a growing town with a large floating population; the county jail and city prison were overfull, burglars and confidence men made frequent and successful stops on their way to and from the larger cities on either side, tramps were abundant in their seasons—spring and fall—there was considerable resident criminal and semi-criminal population, and, generally, enough badness. Not that it was a particularly wicked city, or worse than its neighbors—only, as the police express it, lively. Public sentiment was against the enforcement of the prohibition law, and the law was not enforced—not until the murder of Haddock, the prohibition leader. Then public sentiment demanded that the saloons be closed, and they were closed in fact as well as name. This did not end the liquor traffic, for there were always ways to get intoxicants, but it did for a long time end the selling of liquor by the drink, and for a longer time the open selling of it over the bar. Soon after the saloons were closed the gambling-places were closed, and the social evil for a time ceased in that city. The jail was nearly emptied, and the few prisoners there were held on petty charges. There was an entire absence of serious crimes. Traveling burglars and confidence men did not stop off the trains—the city was not large enough to have residents in these professions; tramps gave the place the "go by;" the resident criminal population, what there was of it, either left or went to honest labor, and, generally, the city was clean—the cleanest, for its population, of any in the Union, I think. Certainly a part of this reform may be attributed to the spasm of reform that followed the Haddock murder; but most of the change, it seemed to me, was the direct result of saloon closing. The saloon, particularly the saloon of the lower class, is the natural headquarters of the tramp, the traveling criminal, the resident vagrant, and the parasite class generally. To shut the saloon is to shut the door in the face of these. Besides the actual criminal and vagrant, there is another class almost as numerous—the simply worthless. These men drink some, work some, loaf a good deal. To close the saloon is to make fairly good citizens of many of these, for the chief incentive to be otherwise is removed. As to the saloon men and gamblers, some left the city, but most remained and engaged in legitimate business. Three of them were filling, and well filling, positions of

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trust in the city government. Right here let me mention that, of a great many saloon men and gamblers I have known, none were at bottom bad men. They were simply in the business for what there is in it, as men are in other lines of business, and conducting it to make a profit, as do men in business usually. They are, as far as I have known them, as well able to make their way in other lines of business as are their fellow-citizens. In any consideration of the liquor traffic the question, What will the saloon man do if the saloon is closed? does not need to trouble. The saloon man will take care of himself. In speaking of the badness, in its own right, of the saloon, I do not need to mention its influence on the manners and morals of the young and the weak. That side has been held up to view with sufficient ability and fullness. What, it seems to me, should be impressed on the public is the evil of the saloon of itself as a breeding-place and safe harbor for the criminal and the vagrant, and this aside from any evil that comes from the goods sold. If such a thing were possible as the saloon without the sale of liquor, and it was a question between the closing of the saloon and the stopping of the liquor traffic, I would say, Close the saloon, as the greater evil. It is satisfactory to see the growing favor with which the State dispensary plan of South Carolina is regarded by the leading papers of the Union. There is a State without saloons, which is more than can be said of Maine or Kansas. Very few if any States are ready for State-wide prohibition, but most of the States could make the dispensary plan a success. P.

Help for Ex Prisoners

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The most utterly desolate and solitary man is the man released from prison who means to reform. His old comrades will have nothing to do with him. He can have no companionship with honest men until he has proved himself worthy of it. He is an object of suspicion, and he knows that he is. Honest labor refuses him a place because of his disgrace and shame. If it is an inclement season, he must meet the bitterest cold with a crushed soul; the very chill of his body and his hunger have a tendency to drive him back to his old life, which is always invitingly open to him. If ever a man needs help, he needs it.

The Prison Association has every facility for helping such men, and it does help hundreds of them every year. Its record of cases is open to its subscribers. Its affairs are administered by such men as Hon. William P. Letchworth, the Rev. Dr. Wendell Prime, Bishops Huntington and Doane, Dr. Samuel M. Jackson, Senator Lispenard Stewart, Professor Felix Adler, who are earnestly and actively engaged in the work. This season has been one of unusual pressure upon the Association. A greater pressure is likely to follow with the very cold weather. With a larger work than ever, its treasury is nearly empty. It needs money, clothes, books for prisoners, tools for men who are seeking work at a trade. It is practical, philanthropic, and eminently protective to society.

W. M. F. ROUND.

135 East Fifteenth Street, New York City.

How the Feast Was Kept

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It was autumn. We had family worship as usual one morning. In these days, with many families there seems to be no time for this observance, though a few minutes might suffice. It need not be a long rite. And the place of the Scripture which was read was this: "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, nor thy kinsmen, nor rich neighbors; lest, haply, they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, bid the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, because they have not wherewith to recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Then, a little later, the master of the house said: "I have been thinking of what we read this morning. We have no family to call together for the observance, no one here who has not stronger claims. Suppose that for once we follow that Scripture rule and ask some of the poor of the church, the homeless and forlorn."

To this a ready assent was given, and the selection was made. "Homeless and forlorn" old men, widows, and orphans were chosen and bidden to the feast.

Some had been able to go to church; some, unable to walk such a distance from their poor homes, were carefully sent for. Poor things, they had made the best of themselves, and furbished up their best garments to look as comely as possible. The master of the feast sat down with them; the children of the family, having been previously fed, were allowed to help in the waiting. There was really no room for them.

"And they did all eat, and were filled." It was the custom in those days, not only to "ask a blessing," but also to "return thanks," and one of the old men was asked to perform this service, which he did with a full heart.

They had a quiet and peaceful time, and then went to their homes with thankful hearts, and, in some cases, with some remnants of the feast—and perhaps with a reference to "next year." But, alas! changes came, not alone to them. The master of the feast was called to go up higher. The experiment was never repeated in that place, though it may have been in many another.

But, years and years after, some of the children of that family heard blessings invoked on those who had shared in the kindnesses of that day. And yet it was an act of simple obedience to one of the injunctions of our Lord, who also said, "The poor ye have always with you," and who, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich."

DISCIPLE.

Notes and Queries

In the Sabbath-school lesson for December 3, James i., 16-27, it seems to me that James does not properly respect the laws of logic with reference to the man "beholding his natural face in a glass," verses 23-25. The parallel is not maintained. According to the trend of thought in the verse preceding and the verses following, it is not a question of forgetting or not forgetting, but of doing or not doing. A man may look into the perfect law of liberty and see its requirements; he goes his way and he does not forget the requirements, but he fails to do them. Should not this inconsistency be classed with Rom. vii., 1-4? J. L. R.

We see no fault in the logic. The contrast is drawn between a man who looks a moment and goes off to forget what he saw, and a man who looks and "so continueth"—keeps on looking and does not go off to forget. In consistency with this, the respective results are contrasted which flow from a momentary glance and from a persevering attention—the one leads to no doing, the other makes "a doer that worketh."

Are the prophecies concerning Jesus Christ in the Old Testament of any value as such? Is it not true that the passages in the Old Testament which are called prophecies of Christ, such as Isaiah vii., 14; Micah v., 2; Jeremiah xxxi., 15, and others, have merely a local application, and can have no reference to Christ whatever? N. B.

It must be conceded that so-called Messianic Prophecy refers directly to events at or near the time of utterance. Also, that its real or verbal application to Jesus Christ was not made till long after. But this applicability is, at least in some instances, remarkable. Especially so is the fact that prophecies of the world-wide sway of a descendant of David, after feeding the "hope of Israel" for centuries, are now matched by a phenomenon which, in ways far transcending the prophet's thought, more than realizes their highest anticipations—the spiritual ascendency of Christ.

I am in the dark and come to you for light. Public speakers, writers, and editors are talking about "Sloyd." Now, who or what is Sloyd? Is he, she, or it a man or woman, an art or science, a teacher or something taught? Is he or it from India, or China, or Japan? Is it of home production or foreign? H. H.

Under *sloid, sloyd*, the "Century Dictionary" defines the word (which is from the Swedish slöjd) as "a system of manual training which originated in Sweden. It is not confined to wood-working, as is frequently supposed (though this is the branch most commonly taught), but is work with the hands and simple tools. The system is adapted to different grades of the elementary schools, and is designed to develop the pupils physically and mentally." An article under the title "Slöjd" appeared in this paper several years ago. The word has now become a familiar one to all interested in industrial training.

Kindly inform me what Emerson refers to (in his poem "Brahma") when speaking of the "Sacred Seven." Also, if the proper conception of the poem is love? S. R.

We imagine that he refers to Ormuzd and the six genii conjoined with him as his helpers. See Encyclopædia Britannica, art. "Zoroaster." The subject of the poem seems, as the title shows, to be the deity of Hindu pantheism.

I have been informed that a fifth (called Peter's) Gospel has been found, translated, and published. If this is correct, will you kindly inform me where it can be purchased, and what the price is, and oblige

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Part of the Apocryphal Gospel (so called) has been discovered. It is of no great value. It is published by James Pott & Co., New York; price about $1.

"A. S." asks in December 9 Outlook information about a poem and its author. I find the following in a little book of quotations. The author's name, as given, is E. E. Lay:

"Think not alone of what the Lord hath taken,
Thou whom his love has of some joy bereft,
But in the moments thou art most forsaken,
Think what his love hath left.

"Count up thy gains won from affliction's losses,
The riches gathered in no cheaper mart;
The faith and hope, new crowns to costly crosses,
Wrought out by sorrow's mart."

C. E. G. C.

Can any one tell me the author of the following lines:

"Ah me! the subtle boundary between
What pleasures and what pains! the difference
Between the word that thrills our every sense
With joy, and the one which hurts, although it mean
No hurt!"

Robert Browning concludes Christmas Eve with a reference to "the last five verses of the third section of the Seventeenth Hymn of Whitefield's Collection." Can some one tell me what the verses were? E. J. M.

The Equal Suffrage Victory in Colorado

By Mary C. C. Bradford

In the equal suffrage victory of Colorado the cause of political justice and human freedom has been advanced further than by any other event in the last twenty-five years of American political history. It has placed the women of Colorado upon a level of citizenship attained as yet by the women of but one other State in the Union. Both the men and women of Colorado have worked with the fervor of believers in a holy cause, and their faith in the power of its principles, their hope for the Commonwealth, their love for humanity, have been justified. The vision of a Republic built upon a foundation of ideal political justice has become a reality for Colorado.

Some facts developed during the late campaign are of peculiar significance:

Generally speaking, the foreign-born and illiterate men showed their interest in the subject by bitter animosity. The foreign-born and illiterate women showed no interest at all, most of them being ignorant that the question was to be submitted at this time—some having not an idea as to the meaning of suffrage.

The liquor-dealers and saloon men were opponents of the movement, and to their opposition has been attributed the loss of Lake County, Leadville containing a very large proportion of saloons.

The owners of property rented for illegal and immoral purposes were loud in their denunciations of equal suffrage, giving as a reason their fear that many of their houses would remain unrented, as the demand for such places would lessen had women the legal means of enforcing equal pay for equal work, and so of keeping many women in the path of honest self-support.

Indignant protests were uttered by shopkeepers who had reduced their employees' wages below a point capable of sustaining even

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ence. They thought woman suf-
gerous innovation.
of this new law were about eight-
he clergymen of the State, whose influ-
e, and labor were freely bestowed and
t incalculable good.
thinking, public-school-trained middle
s, called by Mr. Lincoln "the plain people," were almost a unit for equal suffrage.

The farmers were largely in favor of this extension of the franchise, seeing nothing revolutionary in the law itself nor in its tendencies; and not finding anything very novel in the principle, the Grange, to which many of them belong, having admitted women as members on a full equality with men over twenty-seven years ago.

The labor unions, containing, of course, the more intelligent and skilled laborers, cast their influence in favor of this reform, and for the same reason that another class opposed it—because it would undeniably make equal pay for equal work a question of practical politics.

To the press of Colorado the women of Colorado are deeply indebted. The papers which were engaged in open opposition to equal suffrage may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and, with one or two more which were lukewarm, are the only exceptions to the statement that Colorado journalism gave an able, earnest, persistent support to the doctrine of equal rights, and was one of the most potent factors in the victory of November 7.

Among the men and women of wealth and position, the majority of the men believed in the essential justice of this cause, but the women were about evenly divided. Those whose time is largely given to philanthropic endeavor, realizing, as they were forced to do, sooner or later, that their efforts to better the condition of humanity were largely nullified by their political non-existence, became interested in, and, before the campaign was over, converts to, equal suffrage. The remainder of the women of leisure were opposed to the reform, some because they felt they "had all the rights they wanted," and failed to realize that all women were not so fortunately situated; others, extremely conservative and conventional, thinking diverse untoward and to-be-dreaded possible results rendered the change inexpedient. Of course, the proportion of women of this class who favored equal suffrage differed in different places. In Denver nearly all the women of society were suffragists.

A majority of Colorado's sixteen thousand self-supporting women believed in and worked for suffrage, a notable exception being the public school teachers in some of the cities, Colorado Springs being one.

Nearly all women taxpayers lent their support to the movement.

Such a general misapprehension exists, even in Colorado, as to the means by which this change in the political status of woman was effected, that perhaps a few words on the subject may be advisable.

Before the election, voters were frequently asked if they were going to vote for the amendment, and others might be heard stating their intention to vote for the amendment. In reality, there was no amendment to be voted upon. If the voters fell into that mistake, it is not remarkable that the non-voters should have been almost equally ignorant; and, indeed, it would have been difficult to tell before to whom the palm for that incomprehensible state of mind should have been awarded.

The Constitution of Colorado contains a provision for submitting the proposition of equal suffrage to the popular vote at the election following the passage by both Houses of the Legislature of a bill authorizing such action. Equal suffrage, then, becomes a law of the State, ratified by popular vote. As the matter now stands, the question may be resubmitted at any election which follows the passage of a bill by both Houses of the Legislature referring the subject again to the people.

The method by which Colorado has secured its extension of the franchise is very curious, and quite unlike the usual procedure in such cases.

Among those who understood this provision of the Constitution, it gained some votes for suffrage from those timid or prudent souls who feared that practical justice might prove a mistake, and so welcomed this future chance of reclosing the door they helped to open.

The majority of the citizens of Colorado feel no fear of the result. In the achievement of that regeneration toward which mankind is tending, the women of Colorado feel that they will be better fitted to bear a part because of the freedom and fullness of their citizenship. That they mean to make it efficacious is proved by the fact that the Equal Suffrage Leagues of the State, numbering over fifty, are now planning a year of conscientious study along the best lines of political thought, with a view to fitting themselves for their new function.

Colorado Springs.

The National Academy's Autumn Exhibition

"If we go to Schaus's or to Goupil's, we see none but good pictures; why not at the Academy?"

There is no answer, save in the suspicion that title has triumphed over merit, for the very "line" is filled with inferior pictures. For instance, that once good painter, Mr. George Inness, is allowed three artistic aberrations. Blue-flannel skies and drug-shop sunsets are his present characteristics. As for Mr. De Haas, we have seen many better examples of his great power than the two exhibited here. "The Peak of Mauna Roa," by Mr. La Farge, is indeed a noble subject, but its treatment is hardly what one would have expected from so eminent an artist. Of all the landscapes, perhaps the most ambi tious is that by Mr. Homer Martin. While we have a luminous impression of what the painter meant (and that, after all, is the main thing), yet why is an aggressively canary-colored sky necessary to that end? "The Great Blue Spring, Yellowstone Park," by Mr. Thomas Moran, seems at first like a chromo, but travelers tell us that it is a perfectly natural presentment. The same artist also contributes a painting of the usual view of Venice—that taken from the opening of the Grand Canal. The long-suffering Doge's Palace is actually out of joint, while the dome of S. Giorgio Maggiore is squatty enough to make Palladio turn in his grave. Even the color may be criticised by the Venice-lover.

"Never saw Cannes look like that; and I've lived there for years," growled a much-traveled critic as he stood before Mr. Haseltine's large canvas; and it must be admitted that the drawing is better than the color. As a contrast, Mr. David Johnson's "Genesee Meadows" ought to be seen as an example of "cabinet finish;" then the broader "Near Conwocook" by Mr. Bolton Jones, and the Diaz-like "Autumn" by Mr. Minor. The most restful landscape of all is the "Country Near the Sea" by Mr. Bruce Crane. The great, delicious sky, the beautiful simplicity of the sandy waste, and that breathable atmosphere, which one knows is full of the near-sounding sea, make up something as homogeneous as it is satisfactory. Most meritorious, too, are Mr. Boston's and Mr Bell's landscapes. Mr. Nicolls's "Sagaponack Sands" is charming—more so than his "Rainy Autumn." Mr. Kruseman van Elten exhibits some thin-looking landscapes. "Silver Bay, Lake George" is the usual picture by Mr. Bristol with which we are all familiar. Take a pool-like lake-stillness, a serenity of foliage, a strong yet soft shore, and a suggestion of rain in the capital clouds, and you have a Bristol landscape.

An altogether delightful cattle pastorale is "The Lane near Simsbury," by Mr. James M. Hart. Mr. Carleton Wiggins has sent some fair pictures; Mr. Tait some unfair ones. The drawing in Miss Matilda Browne's work is admirable, though this Academy picture is not so striking an evidence of her great talent in painting cattle as was "An Unwilling Model," exhibited two years ago.

In genre studies, the Franzén, Moeller, and Woolfolk contributions will attract deserved attention. A poor example of Mr. J. G. Brown's manner is the "Not In It." Real as his work used to be, people have become tired of his too cleanly boys. As for the "Italiana Americana," one needs to read the title first, so unevident are the types.

Of other pictures, those by Messrs. Childe Hassam, Thompson, Thorne, Carroll Beckwith, and by Miss Macomber are what might have been expected from their respective ideals. "A Breton Girl," by Mr. Nettleton, is an attractive study. In place of Mr. Church's usual fantasies in many women and many animals, we find in his "Twilight" an exquisite color study. As for Mr. Low, he could not paint anything not worth admiring, and his "Huntress" is no exception. Nor should Mr. Satterlee's "By the Sea" be left unnoticed.

Of the portraits, Mr. Hardie's of ex-Secretary Proctor may attract most attention. Better, however, are Mr. Hinckley's portrait of himself and Mr. Marble's of Mr. Howland, "a real flesh-and-blood man," as an enthusiastic feminine observer remarked of the latter work. Mr. Porter's "Portrait of a Lady" has his characteristically conscientious impress.

Books Received

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Huxley, Thomas H. Darwiniana.

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE
Gore, J. Howard. Congressional Manual of Parliamentary Practice. 50 cts.
Wheatley, William A. The German Declensions Simplified and Symbolized. 25 cts.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, May, 1893, to October, 1893.
St. Nicholas. Vol. XX. Parts I. and II.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK
Williams, Rev. T. C. Character-Building. Sermons and Poems. $1.50.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK
Bradford, Amory H. The Sistine Madonna. 35 cts.

GINN & CO., BOSTON
Phelps, William L. The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement. $1.10.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Green, J. R. A Short History of the English People. Edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate. Vol. III. $5.
Black, William. The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat. 80 cts.
Curtis, George William. Orations and Addresses. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Vol. I. $3.50.
Davis, Richard Harding. The Rulers of the Mediterranean. $1.25.
Platt, Charles A. Italian Gardens. $5.
Van Dyke, Paul. A Referendum for the Illustrations in the Garfield Edition of General Lew Wallace's Novel "Ben-Hur." 50 cts.

THE INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS AND SONS, 158 W. 23D STREET, NEW YORK
The King's Daughters' Silver Cross Calendar for 1894. 50 cts.

THE JEWISH PUBLICATION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, PHILADELPHIA
Adler, Liebman. Sabbath Hours Thoughts.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO
Holden, Martha E. A String of Amber Beads. 50 cts.

LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BROOKLYN
Catalogue of the Library of the Long Island Historical Society, 1863–1893.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Burney, Frances. Cecilia. 3 Vols. $3. (J. M Dent & Co., London.)
Briton, E. Vincent. The Face of Death. $1.25.
Hort, Fenton J. A., D.D. The Way, the Truth, the Life. Lectures. $1.75.
Smith, Goldwin. Essays on Questions of the Day. $2.25.
Bosanquet, Bernard. The Civilization of Christendom, and Other Studies. $1.50.
Oman, Charles. Europe: 476–918. Period I. $1.75.

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO., NEW YORK
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. Evangeline.

A. C. M'CLURG & CO., CHICAGO
Filon, Augustin. Garrick's Pupil. Translated by J. V. Prichard. $1.
Latimer, Elizabeth W. Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century. $2.50.

THE PARLIAMENT PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO
Barrows, Rev. John Henry, D.D. The World's Parliament of Religions. Vol. I.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
De la Sizeranne, Maurice. The Blind as Seen Through Blind Eyes. Translated by F. Park Lewis, M.D. $1.25.
Church, Rev. A. J. Pictures from Greek Life and Story. $1.25.
Putnam, George Haven. Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times. $1.50.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
Milum, John. Thomas Birch Freeman. 75 cts.
Humphrey, S. J., D.D. Eshcol. 75 cts.

GEORGE H. RICHMOND & CO., NEW YORK
Sand, George. Fadette. Translated by Jane M. Sedgwick. $2.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
De Saint-Amand, Imbert. Last Years of Louis XV. Translated by Elizabeth G. Martin. $1.25.
Field, Henry M. The Barbary Coast. $2.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., BOSTON
Lorimer, George C. The Baptists in History.

J. STILMAN SMITH & CO., BOSTON
Hale, Edward Everett. One Good Turn.

F. A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK
Carlyle, Thomas. The French Revolution. 3 Vols. $3.75.
Humphrey, Maud, and E. S. Tucker. The Book of Pets. $2.50.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON
Emery, Mabel S. When We Were Little.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
Greer, David H., D.D. From Things to God. $1.50.

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Here and There

Does it Pay to Punctuate?

C. A. Sylvester in "The Writer"

"Oh, I never punctuate my manuscripts. I always leave that to the editor. He knows more than I do about all such things as that; and, besides, punctuation is a horrid bother, anyway."

So said a young writer in my hearing recently. She held in her hand a big brown envelope containing a rejected manuscript as she spoke. . . .

I took the oft-rejected manuscript and looked it critically through. It was rather loosely written, in a thin, light, feminine hand, not illegible if you looked closely at the pages, but still rather difficult to read. Of paragraphing there was none. From beginning to end, conversation and all, the story continued uninterruptedly without a break. Quotation-marks to indicate conversation were most irregularly used. Toward the beginning of the story they were generally put in place all right. Further on—evidently as the author got interested in her narrative—they began to be more and more irregular, and toward the end they disappeared entirely.

"Oh, what's the use of bothering about that?" she asked, when I mildly called her attention to what seemed to her an inconsiderable defect. "Any editor with sense can see just who is talking if he stops to think a moment, and when the printer gets the manuscript he will put in all those quotation-marks just where they belong."

It did not seem to occur to her that editors do not usually feel inclined to waste their time "stopping to think a moment" to find out what it is that a writer wants to say. Neither did it occur to her that, with more manuscripts than he can use always on hand, an editor is likely not to waste much time trying to decipher manuscripts carelessly written, and consequently hard to read. She surely could not have known that compositors are usually paid by the piece, and that the time spent in "putting in the quotation-marks just where they belong," in case the editor should accept the manuscript, would mean so much actual money loss to the unfortunate printer who might have to put her article in type. All of these things, when I mentioned them, were evidently new to her.

Her story *was* good, however, and original, and, at my suggestion, she made a copy of it, taking pains to paragraph it and punctuate it as well as she could, especially paying attention to quotation-marks and to making a new paragraph in conversation whenever there was a change of speakers. I went over it with her then, showed her some of the finer points of punctuation, and helped her make the manuscript "perfect copy" for the printer. Following my advice, she invested fifty cents in a copy of Bigelow's "Handbook of Punctuation," and began studying it as soon as she had sent the corrected manuscript away. Before she had Bigelow half digested—in just a week, in fact—she received a printed acceptance slip and a check for $40 for her 4,000-word story.

Self-Help

From Punch

Monday.—Am sick of paying all these doctor's bills. Have just seen an advertisement of "The Domestic Doctor, a Dictionary of Medicine," issued in monthly parts. The very thing for a man like me, somewhat delicate! Hasten to secure Part I. Shall now be able to doctor myself and save all fees. Delightful! To celebrate emancipation ask Jones and Robinson to dinner at club. No need for economy now. Jolly good dinner. That club port is excellent.

Tuesday.—Feel rather seedy. Pain in head. No appetite. Just the time to make use of "Domestic Doctor." Capital book! Hullo! Well, I'll be hanged! Never thought of that. The beastly thing's alphabetical, and only gets to "Chilblain"! No good to look out "Headache." Ah, perhaps "Ache." No go. "Appetite"? But appetite isn't a disease, except in men like Banting. Absolutely no use whatever. Still, will not be conquered. Shall get another part in a month. Until then take great care only to have complaints up to Ch. Can always fall back on Chilblain.

Wednesday.—Just cut my finger. Feel somewhat nervous. Remember vaguely that lockjaw often follows a wound on the hand. Ha! My dictionary. "Cuts." Ah, no. "Cuts" come after "Chilblain." They will be in Part II. Bandage wound and prepare for the worst. Sit with mouth wide open as best attitude for approaching lockjaw. Can then at least be fed. If, however, it really comes, shall be dead before Part VII. of the Dictionary is out. Anyhow, will not send for a doctor.

Thursday.—Hooray! Finger and jaw both well. Somehow left boot feels uncommonly tight. Can't walk at all. That fool Phust has made this pair too narrow. Feels as though there were something on my toe. By Jove! so there is! Where's the Dictionary? Chilblain? Can't be a chilblain this mild weather. Of course not; it's a corn. Look out "Corn." Oh, hang it, just too far! But, bright idea, perhaps it's a bunion. Look out "Bunion." Hullo! what's this? "Bunion, see Corn." Well, of all the confounded—Positively can't walk till next month. Lie on sofa under open window to get as much air as possible. Fall asleep. Heavy shower comes on. Get quite wet.

Friday.—Sneezing like mad, and coughing. Blow my cough! Blow my nose! No good looking out "Cold or "Cough" in Dictionary, unless—of course "Catarrh." Seize my priceless treasure, and read, "Catarrh, Latin *catarrhus*, from Greek"—oh, hang the derivation!—"an affection of the mucous membrane, commonly called a cold. See Cold." Foiled again! Must do what I can with domestic remedies till Part II. comes out. Fires, hot grog, hot bath, hot gruel, lots of blankets. Nearly suffocated.

Saturday.—Very much worse. Awful cough. Sit close to fire wrapped in thick dressing-gown. Jones looks in. "Hullo, old man," he says, "what's wrong? Seedy?" I choke out some answer. "Why don't you send for the doctor?" In my indignation nearly burst my head with coughing. At last show him Dictionary, and write on scrap of paper, "Can you suggest some complaint like mine beginning with A or B, or C up to Ch?" Impetuous fellow, Jones. Starts off wildly—"Influenza, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Inflammation of the Lungs—" Then I manage to stop him, and to gasp, "Up to C." "No difficulty about that," says he. "Cold, Cough—" I shake my head feebly. "Well, then, Bronchitis." Of course. The very thing. Look it out. "Bronchitis, from the Greek"—blow the derivation!—"inflammation of the membrane of the bronchia. This serious disease requires skilled attention. Keep the patient warm, and send at once for a medical man." What a miserable swindle, when I hoped to save all doctor's fees! Was warm before. Simply boiling with indignation now. Pass the book to Jones in speechless disgust. "Quite right, too," he remarks; "just what I said. Capital book! I'll send the doctor as I go home." And so he does, in spite of my protests. Doctor comes, and lays his head on my chest. Then he says, cheerfully, "Only a little cough. You'll be all right to-morrow. What's that you say? Bronchitis? Bosh!"

Melilla, Morocco

Upon an irregular square peninsula of ragged limestone rock, less than fifteen acres in area, writes a correspondent of the London "Telegraph," the fort of Melilla stands. From a height of sixty feet to one hundred feet and more, its grim gray walls frown upon the dark blue waters. It is a stronghold of approved mediæval and romancist type; mighty walls, strengthened by many high, round towers, drawbridges, portcullis, profound gateways, dark casements, and rock-hewn labyrinthian passages and dungeons. Within the devious lines of the fort's walls is built the true Melilla, a town of ups and downs, whose streets are lanes barely wide enough to let a pannier-laden donkey pass. Without, on still more irregular and uneven ground, an outer and inferior wall incloses probably twenty acres of land given over to a kind of market-place by the water's edge, and a few shanties and places of business.

Not Postponed

The following amusing story is told by the Boston "Herald" of Timothy Coffin, who was for a long time judge of the New Bedford district: When a very young man he was retained in a case of sufficient importance to bring out almost every resident of the town; so that the little New Bedford court-house was packed when court was opened that morning. Coffin had been secured as counsel by the defendant. Although it was his first attempt in open court, he had made little or no preparation, thinking that he could get through somehow or other when the time came. Thus, when the counsel for the defendant came into court that morning, he was greatly surprised, and no less agitated, to see the big crowd and realize the wide public interest in the trial at hand. He saw that he had looked upon the case too lightly. The prosecution was strong, and he had made not even a slight preparation. To lose the case meant the loss of a hoped-for reputation. Could he afford to commit this blunder by displaying his ignorance of the case? How could he get out of it? These were a few of the questions that are known to have flashed through the young lawyer's head, for afterward he himself told of the awful perplexity of the hour. Being a shrewd inventor, he devised a plan. As soon as the court had been called to order, and the crier had said his little say, he arose and asked for a postponement of the trial, on the ground that he had just received a telegram announcing the sudden and fatal illness of his mother, who resided at Nantucket.

Scarcely had the words of this appeal proceeded from the lips of young Coffin, when an elderly woman quietly arose in the balcony of the court-room and gave utterance to these words: "Timothy, Timothy, how many times have I chastised thee for lying!"

Timothy recognized the sound of that voice only too well. It was that of his mother. This being Timothy's first public case, the old lady had secretly come up to New Bedford to see how well her son would do. Her presence was, of course, totally unknown to him. The further developments need not be recorded here. Suffice it to say that Timothy Coffin in after years made sure that his excuses would not be thrown back at him by any member of his family.

Corsican Banditti

The "Contemporary Review" relates that two brothers, Cucchi by name, villains of the deepest dye, found the neighborhood of Ajaccio too hot to hold them, and resolved to take refuge in Sartene. They found a small boat upon the beach, and desired the owner to put out to sea. "Impossible," said the man; "the boat is too small for such a voyage, and would certainly founder." "Do as you are bid," said the Cucchi, covering him with their guns. Under these circumstances the boatman had no alternative; so he got in, and they pushed out to sea. But the waves were high, and by a little dextrous management he contrived to make his boat rock in such a fashion that the bandits became violently sick. "You see I was right," he coolly remarked, when his passengers seemed sufficiently reduced; "you will certainly be drowned if you go on thus. You had much better let me put you ashore, and go back for a stronger and better boat." "So be it," gasped the bandits. "Oh, anything is better than this!" They were put on shore, and in due time the boatman returned with a larger boat, but at the bottom of it lay four gendarmes disguised as sailors, and the brothers Cucchi were taken before they had time to discover the trick.

The second story is of a notorious bandit of the name of Bastanasi. He was a man of considerable erudition, had been educated at Pisa, knew Latin, and had belonged to the medical profession. On one occasion he also was go-

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ing to Sartene on a vessel which stopped at Ajaccio. Knowing that the gendarmes were after him, he did not attempt to land, but, as he had a fine voice, and could also play the guitar, to beguile the time of waiting he got out his instrument and began to sing and play. A fisherman in the port recognized the voice, and likewise remembered the song. He went and informed the authorities; and it was thus through his love of music that Bastanasi was arrested. "I saw him land," says M. Levis. "The handcuffs were on his wrists, and the guitar was slung round his neck."

The Right of Way

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in an amusing sketch in "Harper's Weekly," says: One of the reasons England is such a comfortable place in which to live is due to the fact that the English people have this peculiar habit of fighting for their rights, by letters to the "Times," or by taking the numbers of cabmen and policemen and appearing against them in the morning, or by sending war-ships into strange harbors where the window-panes of some English merchants have been smashed. If there were elevated roads in London, the clerk who lives in Kensington would not hang and swing from a strap on his way to and from the city. He would see that he was given the seat for which he had paid. The American is too busy and too good-natured to fight for his rights, so he continues to stand from Rector Street to Harlem, and to walk over unclean streets, and sees the beautiful green park at the Battery taken from him and turned into a railroad terminus. He will learn, in time, that the reason the Englishman has better roads and better streets and better protection for his life and property is because he "makes a kick about it," and protests and growls, and is generally disagreeable until he gets what he wants. Good nature is not always a virtue, and sometimes the easy-going person is a very selfish one, too.

Equally strong with his desire to have his rights is the Englishman's deference for the rights of others. He shows this deference by respecting the English law, which makes those rights good. There was a young woman in England who told me that she and seven or eight other young people had tramped in single file through a gentleman's dining-room one evening, while he and his guests were at dinner, in order to establish a right of way. The Englishman had built his house on a meadow directly across a pathway that had been used for centuries, and once a year the young people of the neighboring estates marched across his lawn, and up his stairs, and through his house, in order that he should remember that the right of way still existed. She was an exceedingly shy and well-bred young person, and of a family quite as old as the right of way, but it apparently did not strike her that she was rude in tramping through a stranger's house, or, indeed, that she was doing anything but a public duty. And the interesting point of the story to me was that the English householder, instead of getting a Winchester and driving the young trespassers off of his lawn, should have had so full an appreciation of their right to question his right, that he simply bit his lips and went to law about it.

There was an Irishman in the same county who lived in a small cottage on an estate, and who was in the habit of crossing from it to another through the gateway of a very distinguished and noble gentleman. He had done this for twenty years, and when the noble gentleman came into some more money, and hung two fine iron gates between the posts, the Irish laborer took a crowbar, and broke the hinges on which they hung, and tramped over them on his way. He was put in jail for this for a month, at the end of which time he went after his crowbar, and tore the gates down again. When he had been in jail five times in six months, the people round about took up his case, and the right of way was declared a just one, and the gates came down forever. The Englishman will go farther than this; he will not only fight for his rights, but he will fight for some other man's rights; he will go out of his road to tramp through a gentleman's property simply because the people in the neighborhood are disputing for right of way with him. I heard of three young barristers when I was in London who went on a walking tour, and who laid out their route entirely with the purpose in view of taking in all the disputed rights of way in the counties through which they passed, and who cheerfully sacrificed themselves for the good of others by forcing their way into houses and across private grounds, and by tearing down hedges.

In the Struggle for Life

In tropical countries, says a writer in the "Cornhill Magazine," where the struggle for life seems to rage even fiercer than in the temperate regions, a vast number of animals have been driven by want to seek their livelihood in the dark, through stress of competition. There are the howler monkeys, for example, who make night hideous in large tracts of South American forests, beginning their dismal music as soon as evening sets in, and only retiring for the day as dawn purples the horizon.

There are the lemurs of Madagascar, so called because, like ghosts, they walk by night and withdraw at cockcrow—strange, stealthy, noiseless creatures, with great wistful, poetical eyes and enlarged pupils; monkeys that prey on birds and insects in the gloomy depths of their native forests. There is the slender loris, a graceful and beautiful beast, with eyes like a gazelle's, but treacherous manners, who pounces upon birds as they sleep in their little nests, creeping silently upon them from behind like an Indian upon the war-path, and affording no indication of his hateful presence till he is within arm's reach of his slumbering victim.

There is that curious little nondescript animal, the aye-aye, who attracted so much attention a few years ago at the Zoo—a quaint, small beast, half monkey, half rodent, who comes forth by night in search of fruits or insects, and crawls through the woods with catlike pace upon butterfly or caterpillar. And there is that other odd connecting link, the galeopithecus, or "flying monkey"—a lemur well on his way to develop into a bat, apelike in form, but with a membrane stretched loose between his arms and legs, after the rudimentary fashion of the flying squirrel, by means of which he glides from tree to tree with a sort of half jump, half flight, very curious to witness.

These are but a few of the nocturnal mammals of the monkey and lemur type, ancient ancestors of our own, gone wrong through keeping such very late hours, and now stranded for the most part in islands or peninsulas of extreme antiquity.

Knew They Were Right

In Illinois and some other States, says the "Green Bag," there is an old law on the statute-books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as the facts." Though not often quoted, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge.

An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose.

"Jedge," said he, "weren't we to jedge the law as well as the facts?"

"Certainly," was the response, "but I told you not to judge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did."

"Well, jedge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his quid, "we considered that p'int."

Dogs as Railroad Passengers

The London "Standard" says: "Dogs in Belgium, it appears, from a rather singular case that has just been heard before the law courts of that country, are raised to the dignity of passengers, if their owners choose to take them into a railway carriage with themselves. The point on which opinions differed has just been settled, the question brought under the notice of the law courts being whether a dog whose master has duly taken a ticket for him is entitled to a seat, or whether his rights are limited to a place on the floor of the compartment at the feet of the human occupants. A sportsman, we read, was not long ago traveling in Belgium with his dog, a fine retriever, whose place had been paid for. However, in spite of this, there being at a station on the line no room for a traveler, a railway employee turned the dog off his seat. Probably the dog's feelings were not hurt, but his master protested indignantly, and subsequently appealed to the administration of the State railways for a decision on the subject. It has been given, and is in favor of the dog, it being decreed that he is as much entitled to a seat as his master, and that where a compartment has room for ten passengers, and there happen to be five men and five dogs therein, it must be considered as full, tickets, of course, being taken for the dogs."

As to Giants

There has been, writes Mr. James Payn in the "Illustrated London News," no subject concerning which more lies have been told than about giants. Until it was found that modern men could not be squeezed into the armor at the Tower, it was taken for granted that we had degenerated in size. This is not only not the case, but in the matter of giants we have the advantage of our predecessors. The Emperor Maximinus, indeed, was said to have been eight and one-half feet high, but ancient mensuration, especially in the case of an Emperor, is not to be trusted; indeed, from its not having made him taller, it is certain that there was no one else nearly so tall. Orestes, it is true, we are told, was ten feet long—after death; but he was not thought so highly of when alive; we may reasonably take eight feet as his ultimatum. Now, Chang was eight feet, and I read that there are two giants at present going about in English caravans who exceed that altitude.

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JOHN DREW contributes his first magazine article—an amusing account of the everyday life of "The Actor," with abundant illustrations by W. L. Metcalf.

F. MARION CRAWFORD concludes his picture of "Constantinople," with illustrations by Edwin Lord Weeks.

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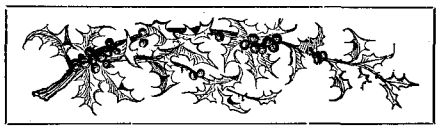

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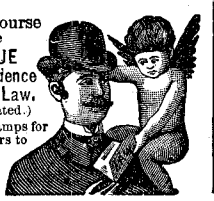

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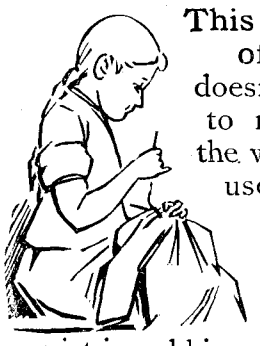

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Financial

The export of about $2,200,000 gold—most of it during the past week—has had no effect whatever on rates for money, which are now at the lowest point, 1 per cent. being the ruling rate for call money, and 2 per cent. for sixty-day loans. Sterling exchange is lower, and, just at the moment, is below the export figures for gold; indeed, the rate has not admitted of gold going to London; all that has gone out has gone directly to Germany, where discounts are 4½ to ⅝ per cent. The balance of the arbitrage business this week has probably been in our favor, for on one or two days there was large buying of stocks from the other side. Counting the private foreign negotiations of bonds through bankers, we doubt whether much, if any, balance against us in foreign exchange transactions has taken place of late on account of security interchanges. The fact that we have not imported more gold this autumn is doubtless due to the withdrawal of capital, largely because of its more profitable employment on the other side. The arrival of President Reinhart, of the Atchison Company, on the Teutonic, furnished an opportunity for the absolute denial by him of the stories set afloat during his absence concerning the financial condition of his company, which stories, he says, were wholly without foundation, and were circulated by unscrupulous speculators for purely selfish purposes. It seems unfortunate that the parties guilty of such false reports, which are liable to do such great injury, should not be traced out and made to suffer the penalty. It is a discreditable business, which should be severely suppressed and punished.

A bill for the coinage of what is termed the seigniorage of silver bullion now in the Treasury has been introduced by Senator Voorhees; the bill also provides for resuming the purchase of silver at the rate of $2,000,000 a month after the coinage, as stated above, has been completed. The bill is a foolish piece of demagoguery, and has the indorsement or sanction neither of the President nor of the Secretary of the Treasury, and, of course, has not a shadow of a chance for becoming a law. This fact deprived it of significance, and it had no influence on the stock market.

The loss in net earnings of the Union Pacific system for the ten months ending October 31 is $3,956,947; the gross loss amounts to $5,687,945. These figures are appalling, and indicate the general depression of business through the mining regions especially; they also indicate the great falling off in the transcontinental traffic, shared in common with the Northern Pacific Company and with the Atchison. These three companies have suffered in their through traffic to a greater extent than the extreme Southern and the extreme Northern lines—the Southern Pacific and Canadian Pacific lines. We now have in the hands of receivers of great trunk-line systems the Northern Pacific Railway Company, the Union Pacific Railway Company, the New York and Erie Railway Company, the Reading Railway Company, and the Richmond Terminal, with all the lines tributary, constituting the systems of these different roads. There are many other roads that have passed into the hands of the courts during the year, so that we may look for great activity in the way of reorganization plans and reconstruction during the year to come. Movements in the direction of such activity are in progress—in the way of appointment of committees, and of outlining possible schemes. The National Cordage Company will soon have completed reorganization, and will be called the United States Cordage Company.

The aggregate of failures, in number, in the United States during the year 1892 was 10,344. The figures for 1893, not yet published, will make a much larger showing. Railway earnings do not improve much, and there is great restriction in business, which works (and will work during the winter) a heavy shrinkage in transportation. It is estimated that nearly three million of workingmen are out of employment now in the United States, which tells the story of shrinkage in production, as it does of poverty with the masses.

The markets in Wall Street are dull, and the leading Granger stocks are weak, but a good demand keeps up for good and fair bonds. On the first of January great sums will be paid for dividends and interest, much of which will seek investment; we look for a good investment demand for bonds for the next sixty days after the first of the year.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$3,078,300
Specie, decrease	1,361,300
Legal tenders, increase	1,651,900
Deposits, increase	2,748,800
Reserve, decrease	386,600

This gives the city banks a surplus reserve of $76,168,825. Importations of goods decreased nearly $3,000,000 this week as compared with the previous week. WALL STREET.

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About People

—The new Master of Balliol, Professor Caird, is of a most retiring disposition, and is said never to have made a speech.

—John Hill, of Derby, England, who is nearly ninety-one years old, was initiated into Prince Edward Lodge of Odd Fellows Christmas Day, 1823, and is probably the oldest living member of the order.

—Horace Greeley Perry is the remarkable name of a young woman who boasts of being the only woman editor in the State of Minnesota. She is also the youngest editor, being only twenty-one years of age.

—Mrs. Terry, the mother of Mr. Marion Crawford, is said to be the oldest American inhabitant of Rome. One of the characters in "The Marble Faun" was taken from her first husband, Thomas Crawford.

—Dr. von Gneist, the celebrated Professor of Law in the University of Berlin, and who is perhaps the greatest authority on the English Constitution, has just been made President of the Association to Prevent the Spread of Anti-Semitism.

—Max Müller acknowledges the debt of gratitude which students owe to the King of Siam, the "greatest, if not the only, monarch professing the Buddhist faith," for supplying funds for continuing the translation of the great books of the East.

—The Duke of Fife must wait for the next chance! Succeeding the late Lord Derby, the latest Knight of the Garter is Lord Breadalbane, who, in strongly supporting a Gladstonian policy for the past twenty years in Scotland and elsewhere, has strong claims upon the Prime Minister's gratitude.

—The admirers of Anders Zorn, the Swedish painter and etcher now in this country, will be interested in learning that he sets up his palette with but four colors. Mr. Zorn is still a young man. He speaks English perfectly, and appears quite unspoiled by all the praise paid to his work by American critics.

—Perhaps with his new position the present Austrian Prime Minister, Prince Windischgrätz, will not think his place as a hereditary though mediatized sovereign quite so much overlooked. It is not generally known that the Prince is one of the best amateur actors in Europe. May his real acting be only in comedy!

—Cav. Matteo Prochet, who represented the Protestants of Italy at the World's Congress of Religions, is at the head of the Waldensian Church in Rome. He is a large, burly-looking man, quite the type of muscular Christianity. His oratory is effective and masterly, though not as finished as is that of some of his Roman Catholic rivals.

—Charles Clement, of Rutland, Vt., was only eighty-six years old when he died the other day, but he had taken part in one of the most thrilling scenes in the country's history. He was one of the twenty-five men who defended Lovejoy's printing-office in Alton, Ill., when it was attacked by a mob during the so-called Owen Lovejoy riot.

—A monument to the memory of Gounod is to be erected in Paris. About 50,000 francs have been subscribed already. Among the subscribers are the Countess of Paris, the Princess of Monaco, the various Ambassadors accredited to France, and President Carnot, who gave 2,000 francs. Work on the monument will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

—Dr. Francis Parkman, the late historian, had a strict idea of justice. A friend met him one day walking along the street leading a street-boy with either hand. "What in the world are you doing, Parkman?" asked his friend. "I found that Johnnie here had eaten all of the apple instead of dividing with his little brother. I am going to buy another for the younger boy, and make Johnnie watch him while he eats it."

—All admirers of Dickens, says the London "Daily Chronicle," will be interested to know of the unique memento of the great novelist recently unearthed by Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis, the booksellers of High Holborn, in the shape of a photographic negative of a literary and dramatic group in Albert Smith's garden, taken some thirty years ago. There are twenty-four portraits in the group, among whom is Charles Dickens reclining in the immediate foreground, and surrounding him are Charles Dickens, Jr., Albert Smith, G. C. Stanfield, Shirley Brooks, Marcus Stone, Wilkie Collins, Mark Lemon, and two each of Misses Hogarth and Dickens—all apparently excellent portraits.

—The presents received by the Russian Admiral Avelan and his officers while in France recently are estimated to be worth 3,000,000 francs. Among the offerings were tallow candles, weighing all told 300 pounds; thousands of bottles of champagne, fine wines of various brands, liquors, cognac, soap, perfumery, linen, and bric-à-brac. The clergy of France presented a painting from the brush of J. Maillart to be used in the chapel of the Admiral's vessel.

A Hard-Worked Animal

A mole's life, says the "Cornhill Magazine," is by no means a gentlemanly sinecure. He has to work harder, in all probability, for his pittance of earthworms than any other animal works for his daily bread. He is the prototypal navvy. His whole existence is spent in perpetually raising and removing large piles of earth by sheer force of muscle. In order to sustain such constant toil, and to replace and repair the used-up tissues, the mole requires to be always eating. His appetite is voracious.

He works like a horse and eats like an elephant. Throughout his waking hours he is engaged in pushing aside earth, and scurrying after worms in all his galleries and tunnels. The laborer, of course, is worthy of his hire. Such ceaseless activity can only be kept up by equally ceaseless feeding, and so the mole's existence is one long savage alternation of labor and banqueting. His heart and lungs and muscles are working at such a rate that if he goes without food for half a day he starves and dies of actual inanition. He is a high-pressure engine.

His drinking is like his eating; immoderate in all things, he must have his liquor much and often. So he digs many pits in his tunneled ground and catches water in them, to supply his needs at frequent intervals. He doesn't believe, however, in the early-closing movement. Day and night alike, he drinks every few hours, for day and night are all alike to him; he works and rests by turn, after the fashion of the navvies employed in digging tunnels, or measures his time by watches, as is the way of sailors.

Valuable, but not Costly

It may save you a great deal of trouble in cooking. Try it. We refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, regarded by most housekeepers as absolutely essential in culinary uses, and unsurpassed in coffee. All Grocers and Druggists sell the Eagle Brand.

Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" lamp-chimneys do not break from heat, not one in a hundred.

They are made of tough clear glass, clear as crystal.

They fit the lamps they are made for. Shape controls the draft. Draft contributes to proper combustion; that makes light; they improve the light of a lamp.

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LIFE And health of leather is Vacuum Leather Oil; 25c, and your money back if you want it.

Patent lambskin-with-wool-on swob and book—How to Take Care of Leather—both free at the store.

Vacuum Oil Company, Rochester, N.Y.

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DRINK BEEF TEA made with

CUDAHY'S REX BRAND EXTRACT OF BEEF.

And Baby is stronger and better for it.

It makes delicious Bouillon, and is invaluable to add zest and flavor to soups and meat dishes.

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Bits of Fun

The death of an ossified man in Tennessee is reported. He died hard.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The pawnbroker's window is the commonest type of loan exhibitions.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Young Lady—How much does it cost to have a tooth taken out? Dentist—One florin, miss; but by the dozen it comes cheaper.—*De Amsterdammer.*

It was the first time Johnny had ever heard a guinea-hen. "Oh, ma!" he shouted, "come and hear this chicken a-windin' itself up."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

She—I wonder if there will be anything to talk about in the next world? He—Oh, yes. You know there is always something to say on the other side.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Miss De Scord's piano-playing always reminds me of a certain Scriptural injunction." "What is that?" "She does not let her left hand know what her right hand doeth."—*Puck.*

Jorkins—Look at those three Fifth Avenue stage-horses over there. I wonder what they are so excited about! Perkins—They are collaborating in an attempt to cast a shadow.—*Life.*

"Is there any chance for a man to rise in this community?" asked the stranger. "There is, sir," replied the old inhabitant: "lynched three this mornin' by daylight."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Train Robber—Come! shell out! Rural Minister (sadly)—If I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then, I might have something to give you.—*New York Weekly.*

Dinks—What did that reporter say when you told him that in the duels you have witnessed there were over forty principals and sixty seconds? Danks—Nothing, just made a minute of it.—*Buffalo Courier.*

"Well, Uncle Silas, your boy is home from college?" "Yes, wuss luck." "Worse luck? Why?" "He's larned so much he can't plow up nothin' but my feelin's, nor harrer nothin' but my soul."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Professor Hamerick, who has been studying chickens for twelve years, says "The rooster is by all odds the proudest thing on earth, with no exception." The Professor's observation of drum-majors has been limited.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

I once asked my old darkey the age of the two boys he left behind him in old "Kaintuck." Thoughtfully he polished his bald old skull a moment, and then said: "Dere's one of 'em big enough to plow, and de udder's two sizes smaller."—*Washington Post.*

Dinks—It strikes me that the Congressmen who agree to vote for each other's little bills have pretty good authority for doing it. Danks—Humph! What? Dinks—The old Jewish law. If you remember, it says something about an aye for an aye.—*Buffalo Courier.*

There is a brakeman on one of the Northern railways who shows certain evidence of an economical instinct. When the conductor puts his head in at one end of the car and calls "Somerville," the brakemen replies from the opposite door, "Same here."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Frenchman was teaching in a large school, where he had a reputation among the pupils for making some queer mistakes. One day he was taking a class which was rather disorderly. What with the heat and the troublesome boys, he was very snappish. Having punished several boys, and sent one to the bottom of the form, he at last shouted out in a passion: "Ze whole class go to ze bottom!"—*Tid-Bits.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Makes an Invigorating Drink
with water and sugar only. Delicious.

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Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites has come to be an article of every day use, a prompt and infallible cure for Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, and a positive builder of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

THIS WEEK'S INTERVIEW

By the Special Commissioner

At Torquay, with Mr. Fred. Heath, of St. Leonard's Terrace, Newton Abbot, Plumber, whose case appeared in the weekly papers, December, 1891.

TWO YEARS AFTER

The "plain unvarnished tale" told by Mr. Heath, of Newton Abbot, Devon, is worthy of attention of all those who are suffering from any form of chest disease. It would be very easy to describe the statements therein made as "wonderful," "remarkable," or even as almost passing belief, but I prefer to tell the story "just as 'twas told to me."

Mr. Heath had a severe attack of bronchitis, following on Russian influenza, and this was accompanied by terrible cough and night sweats.

"I cannot tell you what I suffered," said Mr. Heath, as we sat chatting in a Torquay hotel recently. "My health entirely gave way. The attacks of hæmorrhage were dreadful, and they left me very weak. The expectoration was offensive and purulent. I became very thin, with the exception of my legs and feet, and they commenced to swell. I had the best available medical advice both in Torquay and Newton Abbot.

No less than eight doctors had me in hand

at different times, and they all said I was in a decided consumption, with ulceration proceeding at the back of the lungs."

"Of course you were not able to work?" I asked.

"No; I was laid up for eight and a half months, unable to earn anything."

"Some portion of that time you spent in the hospital?"

"I was in Teignmouth Hospital for three weeks, and in the Consumption Hospital at Torquay for four months. I was discharged from the latter,

my case being given up as hopeless.

I was so thin that you could see through my hands, and every one who knew me said I was a dying man. One of the doctors who attended me told my wife that I should never do another day's work—in fact, that

I couldn't live very long."

Mr. Heath to-day is a man in the best of health, possessing an amount of strength which he rightly describes as wonderful, so I naturally asked him how the change—miraculous almost—was brought about.

"Well," he answered, "when I was so bad that they watched by my bed for a fortnight,

expecting me to die,

I heard of Mr. Congreve's treatment, and, as a last resource, I commenced to take it. After about the first four days, I mended rapidly. For a time I brought up a little blood, but that soon ceased after taking special medicine prescribed for me by Mr. Congreve. In about two months I was well enough to go to work."

"Then, do I understand that, after being so ill for between eight and nine months, in so short a time you were enabled to go to work?"

"Yes, and more than that.

I have never ailed anything since.

My occupation is a trying one. Perhaps for a time I am standing before a fierce fire, and immediately after I am exposed to the cold air."

"I suppose plenty of persons have witnessed your recovery?"

"Hundreds of people who knew me well. After I got to work again, one of the doctors who had treated me asked me to come up and be examined. After the examination was over, he told me he was never more surprised in his life—there was absolutely nothing the matter with me, except a little weakness. He said he thought I should have been dead and in my grave. People who saw me when I was so ill regard me as a living wonder."

"You certainly appear in good health now."

"My health is perfect. From the time Mr. Congreve cured me I have not had an hour's illness. Many strangers who have heard about me come to my house to inquire, and I tell them exactly the same as I have told you."

"Then you won't mind my publishing your case in the Torquay papers, Mr. Heath?"

"I shall be only too pleased for you to do so, and I will gladly answer any inquiries which may be addressed to me. I ought to add, to show how strong my chest is now, that I belong to a band connected with a religious organization, and play a wind instrument four nights a week and nearly all day on Sunday."

This is Mr. Heath's testimony. Any one who doubts it can communicate with him at the address above given, and he will be happy to answer any questions.

NOTE.—While in Newton Abbot I met several persons who corroborated Mr. Heath's statement. One gentleman—Mr. Churton, Rock-villa, Wolborough-hill—who knows all the facts, vouches for their correctness. He has also seen the good effects of Mr. Congreve's treatment in other cases, and speaks of it as the most wonderful medicine he ever knew.

The case of Mr. Heath is one of a number in the neighborhood of Torquay, visited by the special commissioner.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had, post-free, for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of $1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR can be obtained from many drug-stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from your own depot, on receipt of 50 cts., $1.00, $1.75, $3.75, or $7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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Sacred music married to poetry is the supremest expression of a devout religious experience. If not that, it is not sacred, and has no place in the Church.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

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The Plymouth Hymnal

For the Church the Social Meeting and the Home

EDITED BY LYMAN ABBOTT

With the co-operation of Charles H. Morse and Herbert Vaughan Abbott

The Plymouth Hymnal presents the results of the ripest development in congregational singing in a very large number of churches, both in this country and in England. More than five thousand hymns and poems and as many tunes have been examined in making this selection of 638 hymns and 471 tunes. The selection has been based on the belief that the profoundest spiritual experience has found expression in very different schools. All schools have, therefore, been consulted, and all phases of spiritual experience are represented. The selection has been based also on the belief that beauty of form is consistent with depth of feeling, and that the most perfect forms, both in poetry and music, are not too difficult for social and public worship. Both in selections and settings scrupulous regard has been paid to associations familiar and sacred in the churches. The result is believed to be **the most comprehensive collection yet made of hymns and tunes approved both by extensive congregational use and by musical taste.**

All the mechanical features of the book have been perfected with the greatest care. The printing, done at the University Press, Cambridge, presents the highest standard of excellence in typography and presswork. The selection of a paper at once light, firm, opaque, and of superior finish, secures exceptional clearness and beauty of the individual page, together with unusual lightness and flexibility of the book as a whole. The binding combines tastefulness with the utmost compactness and durability.

New and Distinctive Features

1. The hymns are both selected and classified as the expression of spiritual experience.
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4. A Psalter for responsive reading and some brief liturgical "Orders of Service" are appended in all editions of the Hymnal.
5. The book contains a department of Spiritual Songs comprising hymns and tunes especially chosen for use in the social meeting.
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Full information concerning the various editions and the prices for introduction, together with specimen pages containing hymns and tunes, will be sent to pastors or choirmasters, to be returned without charge if the book is not adopted.

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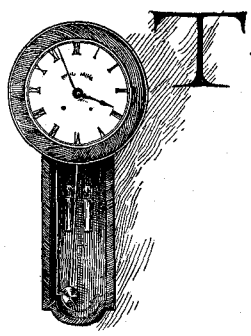

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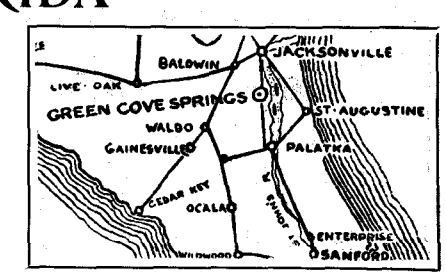

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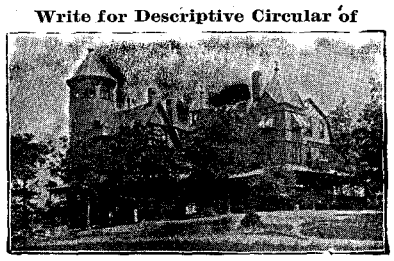

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Visit the Mid-Winter Fair at San Francisco

You have long contemplated a California trip, and this winter offers you an excellent chance. The holding of a Mid-Winter Fair at San Francisco will be an incentive for many to visit California.

Now, the "Good News" we suggest at heading is this: The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Ry. has put on a daily Tourist Car from Chicago to San Francisco, via Ft Worth, El Paso, and Los Angeles. It is a lovely winter route.

The weekly Phillips Rock Island Excursions, leaving Boston every Tuesday, are personally conducted from ocean to ocean, and are popular. This car arrives and leaves Chicago every Thursday. There is also a car leaving Chicago every Tuesday, and its route is via Pueblo, the Scenic Route, and Ogden, to San Francisco, same as Boston car.

Rates low. Write to any Great Rock Island Route representative for full particulars, or address
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